NEW-YORK MIRROR,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with fine Engravings, and Musick arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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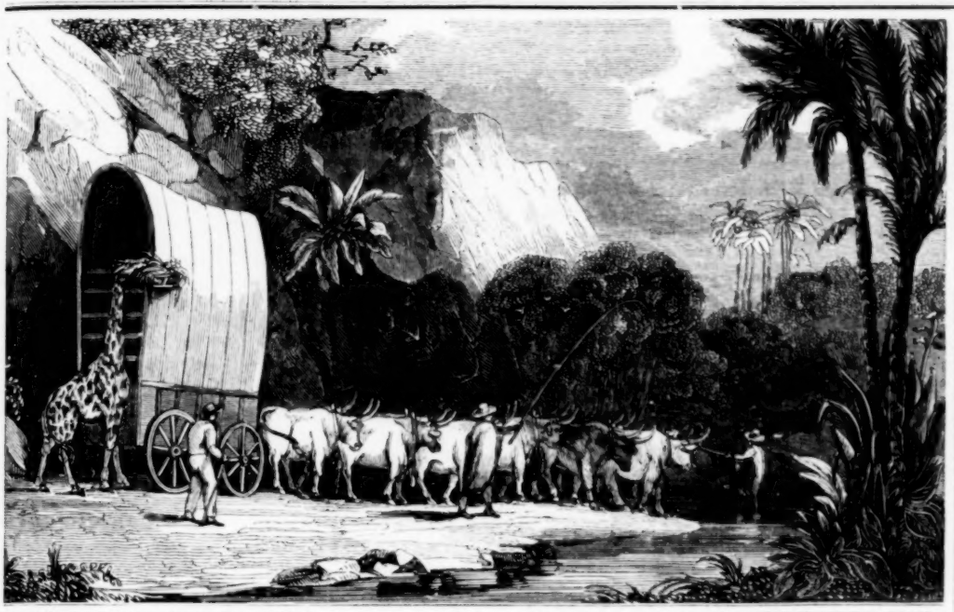


NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GIRAFFES, OR CAMELOPARDS.

CONCLUDED.

The Giraffe differs from all other animals in the singular structure of those cylindrical prominences which grow upon its frontal bone, and which are, in fact, cellular enlargements of that bone, of nearly equal size unto their abrupt extremities, which are surmounted by tufts of short bristly hairs. These singular appendages are not peculiar to either sex, and, being of the same substance as the skull, of course are never shed; although, in the young specimens, they are united to the skull by a distinct suture. They are not horns, nor used as such, either in attack or defence; but, as though this creature were designed to be at once similar and dissimilar to every other, it has a third prominence, or budding horn, broader, but not nearly so projecting as the others, articulated on the forehead, midway between them—as though its owner had some slight notion of becoming a unicorn. Besides these, it has two bony tubercles, or rudiments of horns, on each side of the mane, on the occiput. The shape of the ears is particularly beautiful—and they are moved with brisk and spirited expression toward sounds often unheard or unheeded by the spectators whose attention has been attracted to the movement. The eyes of the Giraffe are singularly large, full, and clear, soft and rich as the famed Gazelle's, and fringed with very long lashes. They are situated so prominently on the sides of the head, as to excel, in advantage of position, those of the hare; and it is supposed that the Giraffe can command a wider view of the horizon than any other creature. The surface of its skin is smooth, the hair being short, close, and flatly laid. The ground colour is a dull white, warming to a rich cream tint, and deepening with age to a very faintly-red brown. The spots are of a much darker brown, and of so generally regular a form and arrangement as to give the hide the appearance of being cross-barred with whitish stripes. When young, the sexes are scarcely distinguishable by their colour; but, as they advance in age, the male becomes of a darker brown, and the lighter stripes are somewhat less clear; but the female retains more of her original rust-coloured hue, and may be known by this contrasted tint. There is, however, some very slight variation of colour in specimens of the same age, and in the same individuals at different seasons of the year.

Another singularity in the Giraffe is, that it has neither a muzzle nor lachrymal sinuses. It has no incisors in the upper jaw, but twelve grinders: in the lower jaw it has twelve grinders and eight incisors. The female has four mammæ, situated in the groin, and she gestates twelve months with one foal. But the most instructive singularity in the physiology of the Giraffe, and the one which, above all others, determines its geographical insulation and scarcity, is the remarkable adaptation of its tongue to the food which it chiefly prefers and seeks. This coincidence seems to have escaped the attention of naturalists, and was, perhaps, first observed by Mr. Clayton, the intelligent gentleman who captured the Giraffes now in this country. The organ, in these specimens, is about thirty inches in length, tapering nearly to a sharp point, and endowed with greater contractility, extensibleness and flexibility, than the tongue of any creature but the ant-eater. It is coated on the upper surface, and round its point, with a skin so hard and impervious, that it cannot be cut or pierced even with a sharp knife, without great pressure. The food on which the Giraffe principally subsists, in its natural state, is the foliage and juicy branches of a species of the *mimosa* or acacia, called by the natives *kameel-doorn*, which is said to be peculiar to the valleys in which the animal is only known to have been seen, and to constitute their almost exclusive vegetation. This variety of the acacia, abounds with very long and exceedingly sharp spines, whose puncture is as subtile as that of a needle. Yet protected by its wonderfully impermeable covering, the flexile tongue of the Giraffe securely threads its way through the foliaged danger, winds around the branches amid the spines, culling each particular leaf with more than manual dexterity, and incurring neither puncture nor laceration.

The localities in which alone the Giraffe abounds, may be considered as holding a mean proportion between the excess of tropical vegetation and the final sterility of the plantless wilderness. They are therefore neither absolutely scorching deserts, nor swampy woodlands—neither of which are suited to the structure of the Giraffe. But they are those vast, gently undulated, stony plains, bordered by forest and desert, which form the prevailing geographical feature of the tropical regions of the deep interiour of Southern Africa. In all these plains, the thorny mimosa forms the abundant pasturage of the tall Giraffe, and it so monopolizes the hard, dry soil, as to exclude the brushwood which might harbour beasts of prey. Is it remarkable that this gentlest of the ruminating family, should have been found only in retreats so favourable to its disposition, so profusely administering to its natural wants? It doubtless browses upon the mimosa in every interiour part of the continent within and approaching to the tropicks, but there is no evidence that it has ever been discovered in any other regions of the world than those which supply it with this particular kind of food.

The Giraffes now, for the first time, brought to this western continent, were caught in the Great Kalliharri Desert of South Africa, in the year 1836, in latitude twenty-five degrees thirty minutes south, and longitude twenty-five degreas east. They are the result of three perilous and expensive expeditions, started by a company of enterprising Americans, expressly for the purpose of procuring them. From the first formation of the Zoological Association, conducted by Messrs. Macomber and company, which has now rendered the United States equal to any other country in the variety and rarity of its publick zoological collections, that ancient and modern wonder, the Giraffe, was naturally an object of their ambition. Their first expedition to obtain it, was started in 1833, and Messrs. Macomber and Handy, of Boston, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope to superintend it. Here they had the good fortune to meet with Mr. John Clayton, a Scotch gentleman, who had resided many years in the colony, and who had performed several journeys into the interiour upon zoological enterprises. With him they made arrangements for exploring every portion of Central Africa in pursuit of the Giraffe, in case it could not be procured in districts nearer to the frontier of the colony. Mr. Clayton, accompanied by Mr. Handy, accordingly set out for Graham's Town, to meet a party of hunters who had lately returned from an expedition through the Zoolu country, from whom they expected to obtain information favourable to their object, and whatever rare animals they might have caught. In this they were disappointed, and having returned to Cape Town and made the necessary preparations, they departed in April, 1834, on a journey toward the tropical deserts. After enduring a full share of the privations and dangers inseparable from a tedious land-journey of nearly a thousand miles, through innumerable tribes of wily and inhospitable savages, they at length arrived on the borders of the Great Kalliharra Desert, and divided their expedition into two branches—one being under the command of Mr. Clayton, and the other under the direction of Mr. Bain, an enterprising resident of a small detached settlement called Graffraien, about five hundred miles north-east of the Cape.

The fate of both was singularly unfortunate. Mr. Bain, who had been engaged at a high price to capture not only Giraffes, but also Lions, Blue-knns, Gensboks, and Rhinoceroses, had hired a large party of Bastard-Hottentots, one of the most active and intelligent of the African tribes, to hunt for him. But, unhappily, the fellows of this tribe were sad maranders upon the flocks and herds of a powerful chief named Massilikatz, of the Matabala tribe; and being, from their more frequent intercourse with the colonists, a better armed tribe than his, they had heretofore succeeded in marching off his cattle upon a pretty extensive scale of depredation. On this occasion, when within a short distance of Massilikatz's territory, a few of those belonging to Mr. Bain's hunting-party set off, without his consent or knowledge, to indulge their pungent propensity for stealing Matabala cows, and actually drove off an immoderately large number. But his injured majesty, Massilikatz, was nearer at hand than they supposed. He pursued them with a large mounted force, and captured not only them, but the whole of Mr. Bain's oxen, wagons, and expensive equipments—poor Mr. Bain himself so narrowly escaping that he mounted his horse without hat or coat, and it was not until several days afterward, when he came up with Mr. Clayton's party, that he obtained either clothes or food.

There is an incident connected with this misadventure which develops a brilliant anomaly in the African character; or which, at least, demonstrates a high sense of justice, and a dignified regard for personal honour and reputation, in an individual savage of that race. The place at which Mr. Bain's wagons and baggage were captured by Massilikatz, was within the extensive jurisdiction of the governour of the Cape of Good Hope; and, on the return of the zoological expedition to Cape Town, his excellency was solicited to get the property, which was valuable, restored. Notwithstanding the distance and other difficulties to be surmounted by an embassy for this purpose, Sir Benjamin D'Urban promptly complied with the request, and Massilikatz was desired to surrender the spoils, on the plea that Mr. Bain was wholly innocent of the aggression which had provoked their capture. Massilikatz replied that there was no evidence whatever to sustain this plea, but much to invalidate it; yet, that if such evidence could be laid before him, he would deliver up the whole of the property to its owner. He added that he had been patiently waiting for such proof; and, instead of converting any of the captured baggage to his own use, he had stationed a guard over the wagons which contained it, night and day, until that time. To this we are enabled to add, from authentick information, that so late as the autumn of last year, Messrs. Sutton and Moultrie, lieutenants in the British army, who had travelled through Massilikatz's country, and had an interview with him, saw Mr. Bain's wagons, containing all his canteens, skins, and fire-arms, standing near the mud-wall palace, under a substantial shed, erected to protect them from the weather, and also under a military guard. This being in the year 1837, the property had been thus scrupulously protected for nearly three years!

Mr. Clayton and his party had persevered in their adventurous course far into the interiour, within a few degrees of the southern tropick, before they entered any of those peculiar open plains abounding with the mimosa-tree and the Giraffe. Small herds of the majestick creature were at length discerned, lifting their sprightly heads above the scattered clumps of these trees, and flying with excessive timidity at the first approach of the intruders. When thus surprised by the hunter, the Giraffe appears the most wonderful and beautiful of animals. Fleet and graceful as the antelope, bright and dazzling in their mottled sleekness, and light and lofty in their action, the timid groups, exquisitely gifted with sight and hearing, collect in larger herds from their separate browsing-places, and wheeling in their perchance unnecessary flight, suddenly stop, with uplifted heads, within the aim of the destroyer. To shoot them,

therefore, requires little skill; but to hunt them, so as to take even one of them alive, is a task for the best experience and adroitness. Like all other ruminating animals of a timid character, when pursued in their wild state, the Giraffes take their course to the windward, and, aware of this, the experienced hunter directs his course a few points to the right or left of theirs, as if intending to pass them far ahead; and thus while they keep their eye upon him as a doubtful pursuer, they unconsciously keep on a line to which his is constantly converging—"and thus," says Mr. Clayton, "he comes into the midst of the herd, notwithstanding their superiour speed, because they have to run a distance equal to about one-third of a circle more than he has to perform in the same time."

At this crisis, the cool skill of the hunter and the quality of his steed are put to the severest test. Suddenly spurring toward some particular Giraffe, and selecting the smallest of the herd, he throws his *lasso* over the lofty head of his game, and instantly springing from his horse, and holding the long coil of cord loosely in his hand, prepares for a check which will bring either himself or the Giraffe to the earth. But the neck which is noosed is ever in ill chance—the first strain is a melancholy one, and the gentle captive, exhausted by the suffocating pressure, falls upon its haunches and to the ground. Still keeping the cord in moderate tension, the cautious captor approaches his convulsive victim, and leaping astride its head, uses its long neck as a lever to keep it on the ground. If the Hottentot *achter* rider has been left far behind in the chase, the hunter has to maintain this ungenerous position for a tedious period; and when the multiplied coils necessary to bind the powerful creature arrive, a new difficulty, of a very opposite character, not unfrequently arises. If allowed but a moment to throw aloft its head, the vigorous Giraffe, though but a foal a few months old, will burst every restraint and spring from the earth—and then, though the gentlest of creatures, it becomes furious in defence of its freedom. It will not only strike at its assailants with its fore and hind feet, but actually pursue them, until again brought to the ground by the suffocating noose. In these struggles many Giraffes expire—and even after they are secured and placed in the wagons, they become so mutilated by struggling as to die within a few days. On the expedition now referred to, Mr. Clayton succeeded in bring four fine foals several hundred miles on his way back to the Cape, but all of them at length died for want of milk, or other delicate nourishment suited to their age. The result of this expedition, therefore, in which the hunters suffered indescribably from heat and thirst, was a few Zebras, Quaggas, Knus, Lions, and Ostriches, with which Messrs. Macomber and Handy sailed for the United States, in 1835.

The indefatigable Mr. Clayton, however, undismayed by his privations and disappointments, and undaunted by the many imminent perils among savage men and beasts which he had encountered, resolved that the people of America should see a living Giraffe. Messrs. Macomber, Welsh and company had placed the most liberal pecuniary resources under his control, and, having fitted out an expedition upon a much more extensive scale than before, and provided well-trained horses, several very large teams of oxen, and numerous cows, in the month of September, in the same year, (1835,) he again left the Cape for the central wilderness of South Africa. He took a different, and, as he supposed, less difficult route than before—yet the obstacles thrown in his way by the innumerable tribes of natives through which he passed, and his accidents by flood and field, would compose a volume of the deepest interest. In the Great Kalliharri Desert, however, about twelve hundred miles from the Cape, in the latitude and longitude before mentioned, he caught eleven Giraffes, and being now provided with milk for their sustenance, happily succeeded in bringing four of them alive to the Cape, where he arrived after an absence of eighteen months. Of these four specimens, one died from an abscess, and another from an accidental injury inflicted on putting it on board the vessel for embarkation to New-York.

So very gentle and docile is the disposition of the Giraffe, that a domestication of but a few months is generally sufficient to induce it to follow the wagons of the hunters in the manner represented in the engraving, by Allanson. The mode of taming young Giraffes is rather singular. On arriving at the first eligible settlement or place of encampment, they are released from the galling cords in which they have necessarily been bound, and are placed in open pits, dug for the purpose, sufficiently spacious to allow them the free use of their limbs, yet too deep to permit their escape. Here they are fed with milk, juicy roots, and branches of trees, as nearly of the acacia kind as can be procured, until they can be entrusted within the fenced enclosures usually constructed for the oxen. In a little time they become so cordially domesticated with these animals as to exclude all apprehension of their playing the truant, in the course of the wearisome journey which the party now prepares to renew. A basket, or open box, filled with such food as they have been trained to eat, is fastened at a convenient height on the roof of the wagon, and the Giraffes patiently accommodate their march to the slow progress of the team, until they arrive in the wonderous and wondering world of civilization.

To receive this long-sought and valuable freight, Messrs. Macomber, Welsh and company, the proprietors, chartered a vessel, which they fitted up with apartments rising from the lower through the upper deck, to allow the stately Giraffes sufficient room to stand erect; and Messrs. Welsh and Weeks sailed for Africa to accompany them on their voyage. With the serious exception already mentioned, they were embarked in safety, and after a fair and expeditious passage of fifty-five days, arrived in this port on the seventh of June last, with Mr. Clayton, who caught and reared them. They are both females, of nearly the same age and height—one being now about twenty-five months old, and sixteen feet and a half high, and the other twenty-eight months old, and about seventeen feet high. The want of their accustomed food may possibly retard their farther growth—but upon the esculent roots and grain which they now eat, they evidently preserve their health and beautiful sleek condition. They are truly magnificent specimens, and have been beheld by many thousands of our citizens with admiration and wonder. After a short tour in the Western States, they are to be removed to the South for the winter, and we trust the climate will prove so favourable to their health that a great majority of our citizens throughout the Union may have an opportunity of seeing a living wonder of the animal creation for which kings and emperours have sought in vain.

We have devoted an unusual space to the history of these animals and their species, because we consider them a national acquisition and objects of universal interest. The American enterprise, moreover, which has brought them among us, merits not only honourable mention, but full and permanent record. It is, perhaps, the only instance in which any country has been enabled to boast of possessing living specimens of the Giraffe through the exertions of its individual citizens. It has hitherto been an unique and costly present from kings to kings—it is now, at a private cost of more than thirty thousand dollars, presented to a sovereign people by two or three of their fellow-citizens.

ORIGINAL NOVELLETTES.

THE MAN WHO WAS TOO ——.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

CHAPTER NINE.—CONCLUDED.

"Miss Savigne!" said Roseberg, extending his arm, as a large party started for a walk.

"No!" said the beautiful girl, "I shall walk with Captain B."

"And where are you going!" asked Roseberg, blushing in spite of himself.

"To the garden."

"Come with us," said a lovely young widow, with a Greek face, and eyes large enough and dark enough for the maid of Athens. "We're going to sail. Come with us, Mr. Roseberg."

"*A la bonne heure*," said Roseberg, gaily. And those dangerous eyes were looking into his face in less than three seconds, as his fair companion hung on his arm as if they had been acquainted ten years.

Miss Savigne looked back four times with an uneasy expression of countenance. During her walk to the garden of Kosciusko she heard much talk of Roseberg. I was among her companions. She did not enjoy herself at all, except when the signal was given to return to the hotel.

"Have they got back from the sail!" asked several voices.

"No."

"How long will they stay!" said Julia.

"Two hours," said one.

"I think it a chance if they come back at all," said I. "I think the widow has taken a fancy to Roseberg, and will carry him off."

"You don't *really* think so!" said Miss Savigne, hastily.

"Positively!" said I, gravely; and I never saw a prettier blush.

In the evening there was a dance.

"If madam will do me the honour!" said Roseberg, to the pretty widow.

"Heavens, what teeth!" whispered some one, as she smiled an enchanting assent.

"Doesn't the widow sing!" said I.

"Yes, divinely!" said Captain B.

"*Allons*, let us have some musick!" said I, after the ball.

My suggestion was generally seconded, and the widow sang an amazingly tender piece about her heart's breaking in "*secresy and silence for thee, love, for thee*"—(at the same time executing sundry astonishing quavers, and looking Roseberg full in the eyes.)

"Bravo!" cried every voice.

"You are indebted for that pleasure to *me*," said I to Miss Savigne.

"Eternally obliged!" said she. But as I passed on, I heard her mutter, "the tiresome person!"

There was now a general clack of tongues. The waiter brought in wine, and all mouths were busied talking, sipping, and eating cake. You know what a delightful din five and twenty rosy mouths make in a small room under these circumstances. Eyes bright, cheeks glowing, and tongues—ye gods! Suddenly there was an interval, like a lull in a gale at sea, and the widow was heard protesting—"No, upon my honour—no, really—I have not waltzed in a year!"

"But try."

"No, really!"

"We shan't let you off!"

"Upon my honour!"

"Well, if I must—but I have not waltzed in a year."

"Miss Savigne," said some one, "do sit at the piano a moment."

"*Me!*" said Miss Savigne, with a look which meant—one could scarcely say what.

"Yes, for Mrs. A. and Mr. Roseberg to waltz."

"This way," said Roseberg, "your hand here, if you please."

"Upon my word," said the widow, "I told you I had forgotten. Indeed, I have scarcely ever learned."

"I will teach you," said Roseberg, in a low voice. "Your hand—so—your foot—yes, so. Musick—so."

And off they went.

"I *do* think the waltz is a most *beautiful* dance," said the blooming Miss Watford, turning up her eyes in raptures. Mayn't I learn it, mamma!"

"I don't know, my child," said mamma, rather laconically.

The company sided with Miss Watford.

"The widow is divine!" said one.

"Roseberg is really a handsome dog!" said another.

"It's a match, I think," said a little, over-dressed dandy, with his hair frizzled to death, and looking very knowingly at Miss Savigne.

Poor fellow! That time his humour was wasted.

All things pass away. They say the globe, the rocks and hills, old Cro'nest, and these broad meadows, this sweeping river, will all pass away. Such bright hours as that I have been describing, pass, alas, too swiftly. They are here. They are gone. So thought the widow, doubtless. She retired to her room at eleven. I had left the scene of festivity earlier, and walked on the piazza to refresh myself with the air, cool from the river and stealing odours from the shores. The moon and stars lay in their far and quiet places ever burning, ever living, ever speaking to the inner heart and the far-reaching imagination. The fireflies were forth on the calm air and amid the dark hills and groves by millions, flashing and disappearing like earth's thoughts and its joys. The catydid cried from hill to hill and from wood to wood, and I sometimes thought I could hear the solitary plunge of the sturgeon breaking the glassiness of the water and the sweet silence of the scene.

"Ah, I love this hour. It is thus that earth is nearest heaven."

While indulging in these reflections, I heard a light and measured tread on the piazza upon the opposite side of the house.

"It is Roseberg," thought I. I advanced. "No, it cannot be my friend. The step is too light, too soft, too measured. Ah, there are *two*." I approached; as I did so, there was a low tone, quick word, a sudden half-stifled exclamation, a rustle of silk, a very peculiar report, and an image flitted back and disappeared, while another, as of a child, remained in the angle of a deep shadow. I advanced. It was Roseberg, and he was on his knees.

"My friend!" said I. "Why, what the deuse! I beg ten thousand pardons!"

"D—n it, don't mention it!" said he. "Give me a cigar." I obeyed in silence.

"Have you many of these cigars!" asked he.

"Yes, a box."

"They are really very good."

"Yes, excellent.

"Give me them all!"

"All!"

"Yes, I shall not retire for some time. In short, Charles," said he, in a franker and happier tone. "I am ——"

"Well."

"It's done."

"It! What!"

"The question. It's popped."

"The widow!"

"Monster!"

"The beautiful Julia!"

"Certainly. Do you see that star!"

"Yes: in the tail of the great bear."

"Well, I am as constant as that to Miss Savigne. I always loved her. She has been rather teazing me of late, and to-night I brought her up. She undertook to bid me farewell forever, and I converted the parting into a meeting for life. I sealed the compact upon her lovely hand, and I shall be married in a week. I am the happiest of men. Give me a light!"

It was thus my friend succeeded in all that he undertook the moment he discovered the absurdity of being *too civil*. Tailors no more cheated him, nor do boarding-house ladies put him up into garret rooms, nor dismiss him from their families with impunity. Sea-captains admit him to the privileges he has paid for, on board their ships; and his friends invite him to dinner with some solicitude—not lest he should accept—but lest he should decline. He has become a distinguished lawyer and member of Congress, and when honourable gentlemen attack him on the legislative floor, they find that his civility has its bounds. No one undertakes to quiz him, or to spunge upon him. The selfish do not prey upon him, the blustering do not bully him, the conceited cease to swagger, and the flippant to be impertinent in his presence. He lives in the full possession of all his minute rights. Where he is respected not from friendship, he is from *fear*; because he permits not even friends and genteel people to impose upon him. He fills his place in the world. He is somebody; and he has learned the grand art—the principal result of observation and experience, the great earthly science, the most difficult of acquirement to such generous souls as his, but the most useful and necessary—the grand art of taking care of *number one*.

TO THE READER.

Have you set me down for a crabbed and selfish old fellow because I preach this harsh and ungraceful doctrine? I am sorry to lay myself under such a shadow. I too was once generous, I was modest, I was civil. I used to believe all, to give to all, to respect and love all. My affections had no bounds, my confidence was unlimited. I was ashamed to refuse a pair of gloves when the shopman assured me they were *cheap*. I thought happiness consisted in making others happy. I had been taught so without discrimination. I was willing to confide in the first or the last comer. I concealed nothing, withheld nothing. The world was my friend. I was willing to make it my bosom companion. I lived so, till I saw *some* of this "world" that I was so loving with. I found one grand principle pervading it—running through all its infinite ramifications, presenting itself in all its countless, ever-recurring forms; one

radical, absorbing, conquering secret, inspiring human nature just as calorick or electricity does the physical globe, a single universal thought—*number one*. At first my love *abhorred*, recoiled from it, strove to shun it altogether. In this I often thought I had succeeded, but alas! under whatever graceful form appeared the new image—the fairer material—upon examining it—upon decomposing it—upon analyzing it—upon applying the test, it resolved itself at length into the old basis of *number one*. *Number one* is the great secret of history, and of society, and of mankind. It is to our nature what *fire* is to the earth—it is the central regions.

And yet there *are* beings, rare, and dear, who won't take advantage of modesty, who will love you if you are amiable, who won't kick you if you are civil. But heaven sends only two or three of these upon the earth in a century; at least each man has only one or two such in the circle of his acquaintance, and then often unrecognized. You have shut your door, perhaps, in the face of some noble heart, as rare amid men as the diamond amid the Brazilian sands. You then ignorantly turn an angel from the threshold.

Reader, my moral, and I have done. Don't allow yourself to be taken in by civility, but do not treat it *too* contemptuously. Don't kick till you are *sure* of your man. He *might* be *a gentleman!* On the other hand, don't be civil yourself. Keep an eye on your own affairs. It's what we are on earth for. Keep your head up, and though you need not always bully, don't bow, don't smile, don't advance kindnesses to strangers. Every man for himself. It's none of your business if your neighbour is locked out. Don't get up and offer to let him in your house. He ought to carry a night-key. In case you meet a very civil young fellow—(they are generally young, years take it out of them)—in case of your meeting one, although you need not *kick him* as other people do, *use him*. Receive his kindnesses. Take his oranges. Let him wait on you if he will. He is his own master. If his tastes lie toward the footman, that's his look-out. He'll find how things go before long, or he deserves his fate.

But should you meet one who is civil, not to all the world alike, but to *you*, because he loves you; some one whose heart you have tried, whose character you have read, whose course you have followed, esteem him, return his civilities, love and honour him. Cherish *old friends*—they are, after all, the things. Beshrew your new ties! They may hold or they may not; but *old friends*, that have stood by you in the hour of danger, that have aided you in the time of need, that have been always the same, whose good word you are sure of in any company, under any circumstances, with whom you feel happy, and in whose kindness and knowledge of you, during your absence, you feel *safe*, cherish those people; they are few, they are useful, they are worth keeping.

> "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledged offspring."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

Written in a picture-gallery, while sitting opposite to a painting of some fish.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Oft have I marked a pale, thin man—
I would not here reveal his name—
But I have seen him sadly turn
From gaudy hues and gilded frame,
And stand in silence, hour by hour,
Until his gazing eye was dim,
And look, and look, till fancy seemed
To fry those very fish for him.

And sometimes he would wildly glance
Upon the martyr's fiery bed,
And I could see that yearning thoughts
Flashed fiercely through his aching head;
Well could I see his trembling hand
Was carving out a fancied slice;
Well did I know his busy brain
Thought that the broiling saint looked nice.

I could not bear to see him walk
Among the fluttering summer things
That float along the silent floor,
And spread their little painted wings.
What were to him the sunset scenes,
Or soft Madonna's drooping hair?
Can ringlets bind the breaking heart?
Can hunger feed on golden air?

I pitied him, for he was poor;
I loved him, for he was alone;
The man who wears a threadbare coat
Is seldom sought and little known.
Alas! I saw his pallid cheek
Each day grow thinner than before;
There was a funeral Friday night—
That pallid cheek is seen no more!

BATTLES AT SEA.

"Did you ever see Paul Jones?" I inquired, anxious to learn something original of that celebrated character. "No," said he, "I never saw him myself, but I was shipmate 'long with plenty who knew him very well. He was in the pay of the French government, and a desperate chap he was; never would be taken."—"Not if he could have well helped it," I said. "He always wore leaden boots in action," continued English; "that was because, if it came to the worst, he could jump overboard, and his boots would sink him."—"Well, that's singular enough," thought I to myself; "he was determined, then, that his heels should save his head, one way or other. How long were you in the Jupiter, altogether?" I asked. "Six or seven years, I dare say; but it's a good deal of log to bring up. We had another action off Cape Finisterre, with a French seventy-four, and fought her until she struck. The M—— frigate, Captain M——, was in company with us at the time, but she kept her wind, and wouldn't come down to lend us a hand; and, as our ship was so much cut up in hull, spars and boats, we could not manage to take possession. When our ship arrived in Lisbon afterward, Captain Reynolds refused to see Captain M——; and, as Captain M—— went down the side into his own boat, he was pelted out of the Jupiter's lower-deck ports with wads. I stopped in her till such time as she was paid off, and then the captain recommended me to Captain Inglefield, who had just commissioned the Centaur, going to the West Indies."—"Then, I suppose, you were in Rodney's action?" I remarked. "To be sure I was," returned the old man; "I was in the ninth and twelfth of April, too; I don't call it Rodney's action, for my part. Sir Samuel Hood was the man that done the work that day. There wouldn't have been much done, if it hadn't been for him." Oh! thought I, here's something new. I encouraged him to proceed, however, because I feel quite satisfied that Rodney's character is too firmly based to be easily shaken. "Yes, Sir Samuel Hood," continued the old man, "he that was afterward Lord Hood and governour of this college—worth a dozen Rodneys; he was the man that got the day. The French admiral, Count de Grasse, refused to give up his sword to Rodney. 'I strike to that ship,' said he, pointing to the Barfleur, 'and to no other.' He was a brave man, that Sir Samuel Hood, and a good officer—beloved by every man in the ship, and so he was in the college, as I've heard." The old man's lungs were evidently untouched, for, although he had been talking for nearly an hour, he was as fresh as ever; and, in fact, his previous exertion seemed only to have had the effect of getting him into better tune. The fondness of telling a long story to an attentive listener, is inherent to all ages; it is, therefore, not at all surprising that those who, like English, have traversed many thousands of miles upon the vast ocean, and, in the course of a long life spent in active service, have seen and endured much, should delight in recounting their adventures. I watched the blood warm within his aged veins, and the fire of youth re-kindled in the eye dimmed by time, as I recalled to him circumstances which I had learnt from the page of history; and he required no other stimulant to proceed. "In the month of July," continued the old man, "our ship, with the Canada, Ramillies, the Ville de Paris and some other prizes, sailed from Jamaica with the convoy for England. Soon after we got out, a gale of wind sprung up, and our ships were all so crazy that two or three of them parted company and bore up for Halifax. Most of them had been a long while out from England, and ships, in those days, were not so well put together as now. Just as we got off the banks of Newfoundland, it came on to blow very heavy from the southward and eastward. The wind increased in furious squalls; but sometimes it would fall quite light. The day before the hurricane came on, one of the ships' boats, I think it was the Canada's, came alongside and took some provisions out of us; but she had hardly got back to her own ship again, before the hurricane began; and, in another hour, the ships were under bare poles, for not a stitch of canvass would stand it. Toward night it moderated again a little, and our ship set reefed main course and lay-to under it; so did the Ramillies. All went on very well till the middle watch; I had the first watch, and went below and turned in all standing; but I hadn't been below long, before the ship was on her beam-ends. All hands scrambled up on deck as fast as they could, for some of the ladders were unshipped, and when I got up it was dreadful to look at. The wind had shifted suddenly to the northward, and had taken the Centaur aback; the mainsail was all to ribands in a twinkling, and there was the ship on her broadside, with her gangway under water, the sea flying over her like smoke. In five minutes more, she would have foundered. The captain was on deck, but the hurricane roared so loud that not a command could be heard. I managed to get near him; and he and the first-lieutenant were talking of cutting away the masts. 'I'll do it, sir,' said I; and next minute I was in the weather-main-chains. I laid down, and out knife. I only notched two of the lanyards, and whiz! away flew the mast over the side. Before I could draw breath, a sea struck her forward and the foremast went of itself. She righted so suddenly, that I was all but washed out of the chains."

A GERMAN DUEL.

"Oh!" said the German, with insolent coolness, "I remember—fair hair, blue eyes and a charming voice."—"Well, then," exclaimed Frederick, driven to fury, "it is she, with her fair hair, blue eyes and an angel's voice, of whom you have robbed me. It is for her that I now demand my revenge; and more still, for my blasted youth, my life embittered, months of anguish and despair, while you have hid yourself from me, like a coward and a thief."—"Hold, sir!" interrupted the other, with the phlegmatick vanity of one proud of the reproaches and fearless of their consequences; "spare your own breath and my time. I am ready to meet you when and where you please. I am always the willing champion of my own gallantries. What is your weapon—sword, or pistol?"—"Pistols are surest and quickest. I wish to send a bullet through your heart!"—"Your time and place?"—"To-morrow, at day-break; five o'clock; at Ixelles, under the *Arbre-benit*."—"Enough!" True to the desperate pledge, the parties met next morning. The clock of the town-house struck half-past four, when two individuals were seen by the sentinel at the Namur gate, walking quickly through the heavy fog, such as is common to this climate, in the autumn season, at that early hour. One was an old and withered-looking man. The other was but young, who might have been mistaken for an old one, so stamped were his features with the traces of passion and a life misspent. They followed the high road of the suburb for some time, and then struck off to the right into a narrow and irregular path, bordered by a rugged hedge, whence, from time to time, a bird made its escape with a faint chirp, frightened from its perch by the intrusive footsteps. This path led directly to the tree called the *Arbre-benit*, where the two friends soon arrived, and where they (I need not say it was Frederick and his evil genius) were almost immediately joined by a third—he who had given to Frederick the *friendly* warning of Leora's flight. In a few minutes, Baron Lichtenstein and *his* two friends were on the spot. The distance was measured, the combatants placed, the weapons put into their hands, and they were told to fire at the *fifth* stroke of the cathedral-clock. The minute or two which was still wanting of the hour, were like an age of dread suspense to Frederick. His arm was almost upraised involuntarily once or twice, so anxious was he to fulfil his deadly purpose. The clock struck one. The sound was borne heavily on the breeze, which blew from the city. The adversaries brought their pistols to a level. What a terrifick time for preparation—for aim-taking! Two, three, four, *five!* The two shots were heard almost together. The German's bullet whistled past Frederick's ear and lodged in the trunk of a tree, close behind him. The baron himself fell, shot through the heart! He sprang from the earth, staggered against a hedge and expired instantly, his glazed eyes fixed on his enemy. Frederick was horrour-struck. The last look of a man slain by one's own hand, is the most hideous spectacle in nature! "Let us be off!" said the old man, with a fiendish smile on his countenance; "you have done your work well!"—"Leave me!" thundered forth Frederick; "leave me! You urged me to this; you are my evil genius; you have ruined me, body and soul!"—"Young man, we are never ruined but by our own doings, by our bad inclinations, vicious thoughts and criminal passions." And, with these words, the old man walked away. Frederick's other friend and the friends of the slaughtered baron hastily quitted the scene, and Frederick was left alone with the dead body.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

EXTRACT FROM SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S LAST PRODUCTION.

Sir Valentine. It is the dignity
Of man, that the bright stars do tempt his mind
To scan the empyrean where they sit,
Placed infinite beyond terrestrial reach,
And scan their uses and their essences—
High argument of his affinity
To Him that made them, and the immortal light
That shall outlast this filmy shadowy sphere
Whereon they look and smile! 'Twas told to me
That thou wast perfect fair—I doubted that;
For I had found, methought, the paragon
Of beauty's wealth in woman! Then, 'twas said
That thou wast wise—I wished thee that; for still,
Though oft at fault, in noble house I have lodged
Noble inhabitant! 'Twas said again
That thou wast good—then I believed thee wise,
For wisdom should bear goodness or no fruit!
And, good and wise, believed thee fairest too,
And coveted! Nor come I without leave—
Thy simple life eschewing worldly forms,
Was pledge for leave! Nor lack I introduction
That honest errand bring to vouch for me.
Nor, least of all, acquaintance—I have known thee
Since matured thought, my nature's fondest wish
Informing, told its loveliness of soul,
Yet more than body, doth belong to woman,
And, therewith when abiding, doth make up
The highest sum that earthly happiness
Amounts to—nearest what we hope in heaven.
Hero. Friend, dost thou know thou talkest to a worm?
Sir Valentine. A worm?
Hero. A mite!
Sir Valentine. A mite!
Hero. Nor yet a mite—
A congregation of evils, whereunto
The worm and mite are strangers!
Sir Valentine. Evils?
Hero. Know'st not
That beauty will take cold?—will have the toothache?
Will catch a fever?—that its peachy cheek
Will canker in a night?—that its sweet lips,
Palace of smiles, spasm doth compel to change
Their garish tenants for uncouth contortions?
That its fair dress of pride—its velvet skin—
Humours will spot, discolour?—that, in brief,
It is a thing in value vanishing
As fickle merchandise, which rates to-day
Enormously—the next may go a begging?
And, worse than all, that its chief merit lies
In wishing, not possessing?—coveted,
Of purchase measureless—obtained, worth nothing?
Sir Valentine. Thou mean'st the beauty that but meets the eye?
Hero. I mean the beauty thou alone dost see,
And prov'st thou only see'st. Why, what pains
Thou takest with a common piece of clay
To set it off! a fine account to turn
The low of God to—meant for spiritual,
And not corporeal use—with divers tints
To clothe thy body! besides lading it
With the mind's produce—gems and metals—proof
Far more *without* concerns thee than *within!*
Oh! that a nature of immortal reach
Should house its aspirations in a crib
Like this poor tiny world! and taught to look
Above the coronets of the fair stars,
Go proud with grains of dust and gossamer,
The property of things inferiour to him,
As motes unto the sun!

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

It is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained that youth is educated when some care has been taken of their infancy. This prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle ranks of life, who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can. From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdom of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations, and the force of his example. Few persons, in their infancy, learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is very difficult to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full-blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time when they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course, so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take the charge of education at a time when the vulgar think it is finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method—there are few, very few, who are capable of forming men.

INDUSTRY, SLOTH.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre—rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them; if the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh! if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid; if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them by, and they soon contract rust; if the earth be belabboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles, and the better the soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state, by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use; in like manner the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their conduct and wholesome exercise.

TIME.

What voice may speak to thee, tomb-builder, Time!
Thou wast, and art, and shall be, when the breath
That holds communion now, is hushed in death.
Upon thy tablet earth—a page sublime—
Are chronicled the wrecks of buried years:
The cities of the lava sepulchre—
The relicks of heaven's wrathful minister—
Yield up their hoarded history of tears!
The pyramid and mausoleum proud,
Attest of thee, and tell of those that were;
Of sounding names, now heard as empty air—
That once were as the voice of nations loud;
The Persian and the Greek are crowding there—
Feuds are forgot when foes the narrow dwelling crowd!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES FOR RUTH'S ALBUM.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"What's in a name!" th' immortal minstrel asks!
An idle question—idler my reply,
And vain; for who, his plodding brain that tasks,
Can the bard's comment on those words deny!"
The flower and thou would seem as sweet, in sooth,
Without the lovely names of Rose and Ruth!

Yet feel I well there is a charm in thine,
Tender and soft, as it is plain and short,
So will I rhyme it with my simple line,
And thus upon the laughing bard retort!
Devoted gentleness and faith and truth,
Dwell with that syllable of sweetness—Ruth.

Oh! who can hear it and remember not
That lovely story of the olden time,
Of her who joined her own fair, blooming lot,
With the sad wanderer's of the eastern clime!
Forgetting home, and hope, and love, and youth,
At duty's call—the pure and patient Ruth!

And who, that looks on thee, can fail to own
In thy dark, loving eyes, and earnest smile,
And in the pleading witchery of thy tone,
A soul like hers that earth could ne'er beguile!
Who but must feel, touched by such tender truth—
There's more than musick in the name of Ruth!

ORIGINAL PENCILLINGS.

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE.

NUMBER SIX.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I am of opinion, dear doctor, that a letter to be read understandingly, should have marginal references to the state of the thermometer, the condition of the writer's digestion, and the quality of his pen and ink at the time of writing. These matters, if they do not affect a man's belief in a future state, very sensibly operate upon his style of composition, sometimes (so with me at least) upon his sentiments and minor morals. Like most other pen-and-inklings in this be-printed country, I commenced authorship at precisely the wrong end—criticism. Never having put my hat upon more than one or two grown-up thoughts, I still feel myself qualified to pronounce upon any man's literary stature, from Walter Scott to whom you please. God forgive me! I remember (under this delusion of Sathan) sitting down to review a book by one of the most sensible women in this country. It was a pleasant morning—favourable symptom for the author. I wrote the name of the book at the head of a clean sheet of Bath post, and the nib of my pen capered nimbly away into a flourish, in a fashion to coax praise out of a pumpkin. What but courtesy on so bright a morning and with so smooth a pen! I was in the middle of the page, taking breath after a long and laudatory sentence, when puff through the window came a gust of air, labelled for the bare nerves. (If you have ever been in Boston, perhaps you have observed that an east wind, in that city of blue noses in June, gives you a sensation like being suddenly deprived of your skin.) In a shudder of disgust I bore down upon the dot of an i, and my pen, like an over-"tried friend," gave way under the pressure. With the wind in that same quarter, dexterity died. After vain efforts to mend my pen to its original daintiness, I amputated the nib to a broad working stump, and aimed it doggedly at the beginning of a new paragraph. But my wits had gone about with the grasshopper on the church steeple. Nothing would trickle from that stumpy quill, either graceful or gracious, and having looked through the book, but with a view to find matter to praise, I was obliged to run it over anew to forage for the east wind. "Hence the milk in the cocoa-nut," as the showman says of the monkey's stealing children. I wrote a savage review, which the reader was expected to believe contained the opinions of the reviewer!! Oh, Jupiter!

All this is to apologize, not for my own letter which I intend shall be a pattern of good humour, but for a passage in your last, (if written upon a hard egg you should have mentioned it in the margin,) in which, apropos of my jaunt to the Chemung, you accuse me of being glad to get away from my hermitage. I could write you a sermon now on the nature of content, but you would say the very text is apochryphal. My "lastly," however, would go to prove that there is bigotry in retirement as in all things either good or pleasurable. The eye that never grows familiar with nature, needs freshening from all things else. A room, a chair, a musical instrument, a horse, a dog, the road you drive daily, and the well you drink from, are all more prized when left and returned to. The habit of turning back daily from a certain mile-stone, in your drive, makes that mile-stone, after a while, a prison wall. It is pleasant to pass it, though the road beyond be less beautiful. If I were once more "brave Master Shoe-tie, the great traveller," it would irk me, I dare say, to ride thirty miles in a rail car-drawn by one slow horse. Yet it is a pleasant "lark" now, to run down to Ithaca for a night, in this drowsy conveyance, though I exchange a cool cottage for a fly-nest, "lavendered linen" for abominable cotton, and the service of civil William for the "young lady that takes care of the chambers." I like the cobwebs swept out of my eyes. I like to know what reason I have to keep my temper among my household gods. I like to pay an extravagant bill for villanous entertainment abroad, and come back to escape ruin in the luxuries of home.

Doctor! were you ever a vagabond for years together! I know you have hung your hat on the South Pole, but you are one of those "friend of the family" men, who will travel from Dan to Beersheba, and be at no charges for lodging. You cannot understand, I think, the life from which I have escaped—the life of "mine ease in mine inn." Pleasant mockery! You have never had the hotel fever—never sickened of the copperplate human faces met exclusively in those homes of the homeless—never have gone distracted at the eternal one piece of soap, and the last occupant's tooth-brush and cigar!" To be slighted any hour of the evening for a pair of slippers and a tin candlestick—to sleep and wake amid the din of animal wants, complaining and supplied—to hear no variety of human tone but the expression of these baser necessities—to be waited on either by fellows who would bring your coffin as unconcernedly as your breakfast, or by a woman who is rude, because insulted when kind—to lie always in strange beds—to go *home* to a house of strangers—to be weary without pity, sick without soothing, sad without sympathy—to sit at twilight by your lonely window, in some strange city, and with a heart which a child's voice would dissolve in tenderness, to see door after door open and close upon fathers, brothers, friends expected and welcomed by the beloved and the beloving—these are costly miseries against which I almost hourly weigh my cheaper happiness in a home! Yet this is the life pined after by the grown-up boy—the life called fascinating and mystified in romance—the life, dear doctor, for which even yourself can fancy I am "imping my wing" anew! Oh, no! I have served seven years for this Rachel of contentment, and my heart is no Laban to put me off with a Leah.

"A!" Imagine this capital letter laid on its back, and pointed south by east, and you have a pretty fair diagram of the junction of the Susquehannah and the Chemung. The note of admiration describes a superb line of mountains at the back of the Chemung valley, and the quotation marks express the fine bluffs that overlook the meeting of the waters at Athens. The cross of the letter (say a line of four miles) defines a road from one river to the other, by which travellers up the Chemung save the distance to the point of the triangle, and the area between is a broad plain, just now as fine a spectacle of teeming harvest as you would find on the Genesee. As the road touches the Chemung, you pass under the base of a round mountain, once shaped like a sugarloaf, but now with a top o' the fashion of a schoolboy's hat punched in to drink from—the floor-worn edge of the felt answering to a fortification around the rim of the hill, built by ——; I should be obliged if you would tell me whom. They call it Spanish hill, and the fortifications were old at the time of the passing through of Sullivan's army. It is as pretty a fort as my uncle Toby could have seen in Flanders, and was, doubtless, occupied by gentlemen soldiers long before the Mayflower moored off the rock of Plymouth. The tradition runs that an Indian chief once ascended it to look for Spanish gold; but on reaching the top he was enveloped in clouds and thunder, and returned with a solemn command from the spirit of the mountain that no Indian should ever set foot on it again. An old lady, who lives in the neighbourhood, (famous for killing two tories with a stone in her stocking,) declares that the dread of this mountain is universal among the tribes, and that nothing would induce a red man to ascend it. This looks as if the sachem had found what he went after; and it is a modern fact, I understand, that a man hired to plough on the hill-side, suddenly left his employer and purchased a large farm, by nobody knows what windfall of fortune. Half this mountain belongs to a gentleman who is building a country-seat on an exquisite site between it and the river, and to the kindness of his son and daughter, who accompanied us in our ascent, we are indebted for a most pleasant hour, and what information I have given you.

I will slip in here a memorandum for any invalid, town-weary person, or new-married couple to whom you may have occasion, in your practice, to recommend change of air. The house formerly occupied by this gentleman, a roomy mansion, in a commanding and beautiful situation, is now open as an inn, and I know no-where a retreat so private and desirable. It is near both the Susquehannah and the Chemung, the hills laced with trout-streams, four miles from Athens, and half way betwen Owego and Elmira. The scenery all about is delicious, and the house well kept at country charges. My cottage is some sixteen miles off, and if you give any of your patients a letter to me, I will drive up and see them, with a posy and a pot of jelly. You will understand that they must be people who do not "add perfume to the violet." In my way—simple.

I can in no way give you an idea of the beauty of the Chemung river from Brigham's Inn to Elmira. We entered immediately upon the *narrows*—a spot where the river follows into a curve of the mountain, like an inlaying of silver around the bottom of an emerald cup—the brightest water, the richest foliage—and a landscape of meadow between the horns of the crescent that would be like the finest park scenery in England, if the boldness of the horizon did not mix with it a resemblance to Switzerland.

We reached Elmira at sunset. What shall I say of it! From a distance its situation is most beautiful. It lies (since we have begun upon the alphabet) in the tail of a magnificent L, formed by the bright winding of the river. Perhaps the surveyor, instead of deriving its name from his sweetheart, called it *L. Mirabile*—corrupted to vulgar comprehension, *Elmira*. If he did not, he might, and I will lend him the etymology.

The town is built against a long island, covered with soft greensward, and sprinkled with noble trees; a promenade of unequalled beauty and convenience, *but* that all which a village can muster of unsightliness has chosen the face of the river-bank "to turn its lining to the sun." Fie on you, Elmira! I intend to get up a memorial to Congress, praying that the banks of rivers in all towns settled henceforth, shall be government property, to be reserved and planted for publick grounds. It was the design of William Penn at Philadelphia, and think what a binding it would have been to his checker-board. Fancy a pier and promenade along the Hudson at New-York! Imagine it a feature of every town in this land of glorious rivers!

There is a singular hotel at Elmira, (big as a state-house, and bettorreted and be-columned according to the most approved system of impossible rent and charges to make it possible,) in the plan of which, curious enough, the *chambers* were entirely forgotten. The house is all parlours and closets! We were shown into superb drawing-rooms, (one for each party,) with pier-glasses, windows to the floor, expensive furniture, and a most polite landlord, and began to think the civilization for which we had been looking east, had stepped over our heads and gone on to the Pacifick. Excellent supper and civil service. At dark, two very taper mutton candles set on the superb marble-table—but that was but a trifling incongruity. After a call from a pleasant friend or two, and a walk, we made an early request to be shown to our bed-rooms. The "young lady that sometimes uses a broom for exercise," opened a closet-door with a look of *la, voila!* and left us, speechless with astonishment. There was a bed of the dimensions of a saint's niche, but no window by which, if stifled, the soul could escape to its destination. Yet here we were, evidently abandoned on a hot night in July, with a door to shut if we thought it prudent, and a candle-wick like an ignited poodle-dog to assist in the process of suffocation! I hesitated about calling up the landlord, for, as I said before, he was a most polite and friendly person, and if we were to give up the ghost in that little room, it was evidently in the ordinary arrangements of the house. "Why not sleep in the parlour!" you will have said. So we did. But like the king of Spain, who was partly roasted because nobody came to move back the fire, this obvious remedy did not at the instant occur to me. The pier-glass and other splendours of course did duty as bed room furniture, and, I may say, we slept sumptuously. Our friends in the opposite parlour did as we did, but took the moving of the bed to be, *tout bonnement*, what the landlord expected. I do not think so, yet I was well pleased with him and his entertainment, and shall stop at the "Eagle" incontinently—if I can choose my apartment. I am not sure but, in other parts of the house, the blood-thirsty architect has constructed some of these smothering places without parlours. God help the unwary traveller!

Talking of home, (we were at home to dinner the next day,) I wonder whether it is true that adverse fortunes have thrown Mrs. Sigourney's beautiful home into the market. It is offered for sale, and the newspapers say as much. If so it is pity, indeed. I was there once; and to leave so delicious a spot must, I think, breed a heart-ache. In general, unless the reverse is extreme, compassion is thrown away on those who leave a large house to be comfortable in a small one—but she is a poetess, and a most true and sweet one, and has a property in that house and in all its trees and flowers which can neither be bought nor sold. It is robbing to sell it for its apparent value. You can understand, for "your spirit is touched to these fine issues," how a tree that the eye of genius has rested on while the mind was at work among its bright fancies, becomes the cradle and home of these fancies. The brain seems driven out of its workshop if you cut it down. So with walks. So with streams. So with the modifications of natural beauty seen thence habitually—sunrise, sunsetting, moonlight. In peculiar places, these daily glories take peculiar effects, and in that guise genius becomes accustomed to recognise and love them most. Who can buy this at auction! Who can weave this golden mesh in another tree—give the same voices to another stream—the same sunset to other hills! This fairy property, invisible as it is, is acquired slowly. Habit, long association, the connexion with many precious thoughts, (the more precious the farther between,) make it precious. To sell such a spot for its wood and brick, is to value Tom Moore for what he will weigh—Daniel Webster for his superficies. Then there *will be* a time (I trust it is far off) when the property will treble even in saleable value. The bee and the poet must be killed before their honey is tasted. For how much more would Abbotsford sell now than in the life-time of Scott! For what could you buy Ferney—Burns's cottage—Shakspeare's house at Stratford! I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Sigourney, and cannot judge with what philosophy she may sustain this reverse. But bear it well or ill, there can be no doubt it falls heavily; and it is one of those instances, I think, where publick feeling should be called on to interpose. But in what shape! I have always admired the generosity and readiness with which actors play for the benefit of a decayed brother of the Sock. Let American authors contribute to make up a volume, and let the people of Hartford, who live in the light of this bright spirit, head the subscription with ten thousand copies. You live among literary people, dear doctor, and your "smile becomes you better than any man's in all Phrygia." You can set it afloat if you will. My name is among the W.'s, but I will be ready in my small turn.

"Now God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas!" for on this sheet there is no more room, and I owe you but one. Correspondence, like thistles, "is not blown away till it hath gotten too high a top." Adieu.

AMERICAN TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TOURIST.

FROM QUEBEC TO KINGSTON.

Monday, 1838.—We have to-day visited another waterfall in the vicinity of this place, which in many respects surpasses the cataract of Montmorenci. No one should leave Quebec without having seen the falls of the Chaudière. Crossing the St. Lawrence in the ferry, we proceeded along a circuitous road for nearly nine miles, when a short path brought us within sight of the falls. I will not dwell upon the very impressive scenery, which often attracted our gaze on our way. We reached the eastern bank of the Chaudière at about noon, and there took a first view of the falls. The foam of the cataract shone with a dazzling whiteness in the sunshine; and the variegated hues of the overhanging foliage were distinctly reflected in the "torrent's smoothness, ere it dashed below." The river at the cascade is much compressed. The guide-book informs us, it is but four hundred feet across; and the depth into the cauldron below is nearly forty-five yards. The stream is divided at the fall, by several rocks, into three principal currents, of which the westerly is the largest—these partially re-unite before their broken and agitated waves are received into the basin; where each dashing against the other forms a turbulent whirlpool. The cavities in the protruding rocks increase the foaming fury of the revolving waters in their descent, displaying globules of brilliant whiteness, which are richly contrasted with the encircling dark and gloomy cliffs. The ascending spray hangs like a luminous veil above the tortured waters, and glistens with myriad prismatick hues. The wild diversity of rocks, the overhanging woods, the rapid motion, the effulgent spray, and the deep base of the cataract, unite in elevating and absorbing the thoughts.

The falls of the Chaudière surpass those of Montmorenci in the character of the scenery by which they are surrounded—in the wildness and solemnity of the encircling forest, and in the absence of every vestige of human improvement. I quitted the spot more deeply impressed by the solitude and grandeur of the surrounding landscape, than by the splendour and force of the cataract itself.

Returning to Quebec, I passed the afternoon in rambles through the streets. Passing by the post-office, I noticed over the door of the building opposite, a representation in stone of a dog gnawing a bone, with an inscription in French. This having been always gilt, has acquired the name of *Le Chien d'Or*; and the following explanation of its origin has been handed down to the present day:

Mr. Philibert, who occupied the house, was a merchant of Quebec, during the time that Canada was under the French government. Mr. Bigot was at the head of the financial department in Canada; and he had so conducted the fiscal affairs of the colony, or rather of France, that one of the queens of that chivalrous kingdom asked her husband, whether the walls of Quebec were made of gold!

Mr. Philibert and Mr. Bigot did not agree. The former had not the means or the power to have his complaints heard and redressed. He was therefore obliged, instead of preferring them in the shape of an indictment or an impeachment, to write them in the covert language which is placed under the dog, as his motto:

"Je suis un Chien qui ronge l'os—
En le rongeant, je prend mon repos—
Un tems viendra, qui n'est pas venu—
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."

Mr. Bigot was enraged at this satirical sally, and determined upon revenge. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Philibert, when descending the Lower Town Hill, received the sword of Mr. De R——, a French officer of the garrison, through his back. The murderer was permitted quietly to escape. The brother of Mr. Philibert, on receiving intelligence of this event, came to Quebec to settle his brother's estate, and to avenge his death. So determined was he in his pursuit of the assassin, that having ascertained that Mr. De R—— had gone to the East Indies, he followed him thither. They met in a street of Pondicherry—engaged on the spot—and the assassin fell mortally wounded under the sword of the avenger.

The *Chien d'Or* remains to perpetuate this extraordinary tale of retribution and bloodshed.

Tuesday.—To an American, who has never visited the old world, the city of Quebec affords numerous objects of interest and novelty. The "high-raised battlements and moated towers" of Cape Diamond—the soldiers with their red coats, and the Highland regiment with their kilts—all contribute to make up a scene in the highest degree animated. Quebec has been called the Gibraltar of America; but it derives its importance more from the extensive inland navigation to which it is the key, than from its military strength or natural advantages. It has been exposed to several sieges, which have put its impregnability to the test. In the year 1690, it maintained a vigorous defence against the forces of Sir William Phipps, governour of Massachusetts, who contented himself with a bombardment of the city, and retired after staying a week in the harbour. The consequences of this unsuccessful expedition were severely felt by the people of New-England, who were called upon to defray the expense, amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I again visited to-day the spot where our own Montgomery fell in the attack upon Quebec—an attack which, for intrepidity of design, surpassed that of Wolfe. The details of that memorable siege, together with the daring expedition of Arnold through the wilds of Maine, are familiar to every reader of American history. Hawkins, in his valuable work upon Quebec, admits, that the spirit of enterprise evinced in his bold design, and the patience, hardihood, and perseverance of the new-raised forces employed in the execution, will forever distinguish this expedition in the history of offensive operations. A handful of men ascending the course of a rapid river, and conveying arms, ammunition, baggage, and provisions through an almost trackless wild—bent upon a most uncertain purpose—may justly claim our admiration for their energy and perseverance. It was, indeed, a desperate attempt, suited to the temper of the fearless men engaged in it—to the character of the times, and of the scenes, which were about to be enacted on the arena of our revolution.

The project of Arnold was by no means an original thought. It had been suggested by Governour Pownall, in his "Idea of the service of America," as early as the year 1758. He says—"The people of Massachusetts, in the counties of Hampshire, Worcester, and York, are the best wood-hunters in America. I should think if about a hundred thorough wood-hunters, properly officered, could be obtained in the county of York, a scout of such might make an attempt upon the settlements by the way of Chaudière river."

Montgomery, despairing to reduce Quebec by a regular siege, resolved upon a night attack. During a violent snow storm, he advanced at the head of the New-York troops, to the attack of the Lower Town, along a road between the base of Cape Diamond and the river. Arnold, at the same time, was to join him at the lower end of Mountain-street, and the combined troops were to force Prescott gate. A momentary contemplation from the heights of Abraham of the plan of this attack, will convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary daring of those who contrived it. Montgomery, at the head of his column, advanced along the narrow defile between the base of the precipice and the margin of the St. Lawrence. He fell in the onset of the attack upon the first post at Près de-Ville: and the defeat of his troops was complete. In the year 1818, his remains were removed to St. Paul's church, in the city of New-York, and a cenatoph was erected over them. The following inscription was writen for the occasion:

"Montgomery falls! Let no fond breast repine,
That Hampden's glorious death, brave chief, was thine.
With *thee* shall Freedom consecrate *thy* name,
Shall date her rising glories from thy fame,
Shall build her throne of Empire on thy grave—
What nobler fate can patriot virtue crave?"

I fear that I have been indulging too long in reminiscences that are but too familiar; but you must consider that I have just been standing upon the very spot where Montgomery crimsoned the snow with his life-blood; and the circumstances of his last battle have to me a painful interest.

Wednesday.—The passage up the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Montreal is longer and more tedious than the journey down the river. We found the current so strong in some places, that our steamboat, although of immense power, made no faster progress than a mile an hour. Formerly oxen were employed to tow boats over these currents. The banks of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal are low, and the great breadth of the river diminishes their effect. They appear to be well settled, however, and along the whole extent on both sides, you behold the humble cottages of Canadian husbandry scattered at frequent intervals; while every little hamlet is distinguished by a church with a tinned spire, glittering above the log-huts in its vicinity. We stopped nearly an hour at the ancient town of Trois Rivières. It is built close upon the river, and, to my eyes, presents an aspect of gloom and decay. This place is the residence of the once notorious Stephen Burroughs, the celebrated counterfeiter, whose name was not unfamiliar in Massachusetts some years since. His memoirs constituted one of the most remarkable chapters in the annals of knavery. His son is a resident of Quebec, and is said to be one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of the place.

In navigating the St. Lawrence, you pass through the great lake of St. Peter, from the middle of which, on account of the distance, you cannot discern the opposite banks of the river. The little town of Sorel is situated at the junction of this lake with the river Richelieu, by which the waters of Lake Champlain are discharged into the St. Lawrence. We stopped at Sorel to take in wood. It is said to number about two thousand inhabitants. It contains one handsome building, which is often the summer residence of the governour-in-chief.

Friday.—Since I last opened my note-book we have passed through Montreal, and taken the Great Britain steamboat at Kingston. While we are waiting for the boat at this place, I will make a brief record of the progress and events of our journey. We left Montreal two days since, taking the stage-coach to the thriving village of Lachine, which is nine miles distant. Here we went on board a rickety little steamboat, that was puffing and wheezing away at the wharf, and which bore the name of "Henry Brougham" on its stern. A number of Canadian raftsmen were among the passengers in the steerage; and such a boisterous set of fellows it was never my lot to fall in with. With their dancing, hallooing, and singing, they kept up a turmoil, which would have deafened the roar of Niagara. The "Henry Brougham" carried us twenty-four miles to Cascades, a place at the confluence of the Ottawa, or Grand river, with the Saint Lawrence. The Ottawa is a dark and turbid stream—it is an Othello running to meet a Desdemona. You perceive at once the contrast between the colour of the two streams. The Saint Lawrence is of a light-greenish hue, clear, rapid, and sometimes turbulent in its course. The Ottawa is of a more sluggish nature, and its waters appear mingled with the loamy soil of its banks. The two rivers rush to meet each other at right angles, and for a long distance, you can perceive the strongly-marked difference in the colour of their surface. They unite, but do not amalgamate.

From Cascades we went by land a distance of sixteen miles, to Coteau du Lac, having a fine view of the rapids on the Saint Lawrence, all the way. They are by far the most wonderful object I have seen in the Canadas, and are surrounded by superb scenery. The islands, with which the river is here dotted, are, many of them, of an unspeakable beauty, and the current whirls round them, on both sides, as if fearful of being detained by their fascinations. On some of these little fairy isles, set like emeralds in silver upon the bosom of the stream, there were magnificent beech trees and elms, lifting high their tufted foliage, which was still of a deep green, while the forests on the opposite shore of the river, were dyed with all the brilliant and variegated hues of autumn. In some places the Saint Lawrence was coloured with the strong reflection of these masses of verdure; while in others it was dashing, foaming, and fretting over the rapids, and boiling in convulsed fury, and lifting its waves as if an army, with white plumes, were about to emerge from its labouring tide. Noticing one small island, which seemed to be encircled by very dangerous rapids, I addressed a question to a fellow-passenger.

"Can you tell me the name of that island with the crimsoned maple-tree in the centre? I fancy it must have been the very one that Tom Moore had in his mind, when he sang—

'Oh, had I some dear little isle of my own!'"

"That!—that, sir, is Hog Island!"

Here was a rebuff for a man of sentiment! "Are you very sure!" I rejoined. "Are you very sure, sir, that Hog Island is the name of it!"

"Sure of it! Didn't I lose a raft of timber on it, no later ago than last Saturday! And isn't it the most onmanageable, and unlikeliest island in the Saint Lawrence! And does'nt it swallow up more good timber than all the other islands put together! And isn't it plaguily in the way! What better name would you have for it!"

"You must allow, my friend, that it adds very much to the prospect, and I think you might have given it a less swinish appellation than Hog Island. Pah!"

My new acquaintance muttered something about cutting a canal through it, and did not seem to understand my allusion to the prospect. He told me some anecdotes about the Canadian raftsmen, who go down these rapids in their batteaux, and exhibit much dexterity in accomplishing the perilous navigation. On coming to a dangerous *sault*, they throw themselves upon their knees, cross themselves, and invoke all the saints in the calendar to protect them. The moment the rapids are passed, ten chances to one a volley of terrifick oaths will issue from the lips, that are yet tremulous with forgotten prayers; and the Canadians will manifest the utmost levity, until they arrive at another place of danger, when down upon their knees they will fall again, with one accord, and call upon their good-natured saints to take them under their especial protection, and guide them safe over the boiling rapids. Persons going down in these batteaux, and not knowing the custom of these boatmen, have sometimes been thrown into the greatest alarm at seeing their sudden prostration and recourse to prayers. From Coteau du Lac to Cornwall, we went in the steamboat; and as this journey was made in the night time, I have very few recollections connected with it, except that I dreamed being thrown into the rapids, and landed on Hog Island. I awoke, and found myself at Cornwall. And here, at five o'clock in the morning, we took the stage-coach for Dickenson's Landing, a distance of only twelve miles. Here we were landed under a miserable shed, which was open on all sides to the wind. The weather was cold and gusty, with intermittent showers of rain. The steamboat, which we expected at the landing-place, had not arrived. It was chilly and disagreeable; and there we were, twenty miserable travellers, stamping, fretting, scolding, throwing our arms about like the wings of a windmill, and muttering curses both loud and deep.

"Any hopes! Do you see the boat, my wretched fellow-traveller!"

"No, sir; and this cough of mine will tear me to pieces."

"I am sorry I can render you no assistance, sir."

"There comes my fever and ague, again! I have just been at Quebec to get cured of it."

"Egad! there is a conspiracy to leave us here, and starve us, now that we have paid our passage-money through to Prescott. I am perishing with the cold and hunger!"

"There is the boat! I see the smoke! And yet, upon the whole, I am inclined to think it is only a wreath of fog."

"And there is not a house within a radius of ten miles, where I can get an anti-fogmatick!"

After listening to ejaculations of this sort for an hour or two, we were relieved by the joyful sight of the good steamboat Brockville, just turning round a bend in the river. We were not long hurrying on board, and attacking the "creature comforts," which the breakfast table afforded. The scenery from Dickinson's landing to Prescott, is of the most varied and enchanting description. Near Ogden's Island—a most beautiful spot, by the way—you pass up some very strong rapids, where the steamboat seems to tug with all its power, to creep along at even a snail's pace. Prescott is a pretty place, with a city-like aspect; and the American town of Ogdensburgh, which is opposite, appears to great advantage at a distance. I did not have an opportunity of landing there. We staid at Prescott some thirty minutes; and then, in the noble steamboat Great Britain, started for Kingston. We passed the Thousand Islands in the night time, whereby we missed seeing some superlatively fine scenery. I did not care about confessing this, but think it best to be candid. I can say that I have been through the Thousand Islands; but, alas, I saw no more of them than of the islands in the moon. I awoke at Kingston—and here we are. It is a pretty little city, with a fine harbour, noble barracks, a handsome bridge, and a population of six thousand inhabitants. It is laid out on the right-angular plan, and reminds one of Philadelphia. A neat and well-fortified place is Kingston; and I hope to visit it again, when I shall have an opportunity of seeing the Thousand Islands. Adieu!

ORIGINAL TALES IN VERSE.

GONELLO.

BY EPES SARGENT.

There lived in Florence, centuries ago,
A merry citizen, by name Gonello,
Whose wit was ceaselessly upon the flow,
Especially when wine had made him mellow,
And o'er his visage spread an honest glow:
He was, in truth, a very pleasant fellow,
And could not ope his mouth but out there flew,
Extemporaneously a jest or two.

But sometimes 'tis a crime to be too witty;
And having ridiculed some dunce of rank
He was without delay expelled the city—
(A hard return for such a harmless prank!)
Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
And all his friends looked very cool and blank
When he came near to ask them for assistance,
Telling him civilly to keep his distance.

He turned away in loneliness of heart,
Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those
Who drove him houseless from his native mart
To seek elsewhere a haven of repose;
Compelled from all endearments to depart,
By faithless friends and miserable foes;
It was, indeed, a cruel thing to pester
With banishment so capital a jester.

Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,
And made a virtue of necessity,
Resolving, spite of Fortune, not to lose
The mirth that buoyed him on Life's changing sea;
"The world was all before him where to choose"—
Soon he determined what his course should be;
The marquis of Ferrara, said report,
Wanted a fool to entertain his court.

Gonello went to seek the situation,
And backed his prayers with such a comick face,
That he was duly made, by installation,
Prime fool and jester to his noble grace;
And having taken up this occupation,
He put on motley, as became his place,
And thenceforth passed his precious time in joking,
Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests were all both laughable and new,
Possessing a most rare and sparkling flavour,
And being witty and kind-hearted too,
He soon arose to universal favour,
And, from all quarters, loud applauses drew,
Which did not in the least of envy savour;
The marquis was delighted with his choice,
And hung with rapture on his jester's voice.

In every publick question or debate
His highness made Gonello a partaker,
And when the laws were broken in the state,
Gonello always could reprieve the breaker.
'Twas an odd combination of his fate,
That of a jurisprudent and pun-maker!
But still he was a very good adviser,
And there was no one in the council wiser.

And so his days flew by, undimm'd by care.
His wit broke forth like bubbles fast ascending
From some deep fountain to the sunny air,
Their lucid flash with rainbow-colours blending.
But all is evanescent that is fair,
And grief on joy is evermore attending.
The marquis of Ferrara grew unwell,
And poor Gonello's happy spirits fell.

His grace's illness was a quartan ague,
Which the physicians said they could not cure;
I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you;
Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.
(If this digression be a little vague, you
Will see how hard it is a rhyme to lure,
And pardon me, remembering that "sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.")

There was one remedy, which no one dare
Apply though terrour of the patient's wrath;
It was, to seize him wholly unaware
And throw him in the sea, by way of bath—
A thing they thought he would by no means bear,
But strangle the first one who cross'd his path.
Since the physicians would not then apply it,
Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

He had no great respect for wealth or rank;
So, promenading with his grace one day
Along the quay upon the river's bank,
He plunged the marquis headlong in the spray;
Then, seeing him drawn out before he sank,
Took to his heels and ran with speed away;
Presuming that unless he quickly vanished,
He would most probably be whipped and banished.

His highness was pulled out all wet and dripping,
Enraged at having been so coolly treated;
Albeit his health was mended by the dipping,
And his recovery almost completed.
He swore the jester should receive a whipping.
In this he quickly found himself defeated;
For then they told him he had just decamped—
At which the marquis bit his lips and stamped.

The courtiers were all filled with indignation
Against the graceless and audacious prater—
And the next day went forth a proclamation
Denouncing poor Gonello for a traitor.

The edict filled him with much perturbation—
But his chagrin and misery were greater
On learning that he would be killed "if found
Ever again upon Ferrara ground."

He fled the town; and, lonely, pined awhile—
But as he conned, one day, his doom of wo,
A bright thought lit his face into a smile,
And, starting, he exclaimed, "It shall be so!
No longer will I stay a single mile
From court, but, fearless, once more thither go:
For it is only 'on *Ferrara* ground'
That I incur the penalty, 'if found.'"

So he resolved, in spite of the decree,
Again to visit the forbidden place,
Believing that his presence could not be
But welcome and agreeable to his grace;
He would, at least, go for himself and see.
So with a lightsome heart and merry face,
He entered old Ferrara, full of mirth,
Perched high upon a cart of *Paduan* earth.

By this device he hoped to have evaded
The myrmidons and bloodhounds of the law.
But, ah! he did not view the thing as they did,
Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw;
But pulled him down, unpitied and unaided,
And cast him in a prison's ponderous maw;
Then rudely told him, for his consolation,
The axe and platform were in preparation.

A priest came shortly after to his cell,
To shrive his soul and give him absolution;
And lower yet Gonello's spirits fell
When he beheld this reverend intrusion.
But then, the turret's melancholy bell
Gave out the signal of his execution:
And he was led forth to the publick square,
The cowled monk whispering, at his side, "prepare."

The crowd is gathered; and the accursed block
Stands thirsting for the awe-struck victim's blood,
Whose neck, uncovered, waits the impending shock
Which shall unseal the hot and crimson flood.
An interval succeeds, that seems to mock
The horrour of the gasping multitude—
When, lo! the grinning minister of slaughter,
On the bared throat, dashes—a pail of water!

Shouts in the air and thunderous applauses!
"Long live the marquis, and Gonello long!
Joy to the ransomed, and to him who causes
Right only to assume the mask of wrong!"
Hats tossed on high fill up the joyous pauses,
And all is mirth amid the assembled throng—
While boisterous Laughter, with successive peals,
Treads close on Sorrow's swift-receding heels.

But soft!—the jester—why does he remain
Motionless on the uncrimsoned platform still!
Has agonizing terrour stunned his brain,
Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill!
Faints he from rapture or excess of pain!
His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled—
Jesu Maria! he is dead—is dead!

Alas, poor Yorick! 'twas a cruel jest—
A tragick ending to thy life of fun—
To be so driven, by a mock behest,
From the bright glances of the blessed sun,
To the dark chambers of the place of rest!
Tripped up before thy natural course was run;
And finally extinguished by a hoax,
Made of the remnants of thy cast-off jokes!

'Tis said the marquis was an altered man,
And very sad and gloomy for a while;
Losing all relish for the flowing can,
And frequenting the chapel's sombre aisle.
His countenance grew miserably wan,
And some aver he ne'er was seen to smile
After Gonello thus destroyed his jest,
And played, himself, his last one and his best!

REMINISCENCES OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER FROM LAURIE TODD.

It is forty years this day since the yellow fever burst out in almost every house, street, lane, and by-path of the city. It seemed to me, at the time, like the bursting of bombs and firing of rockets in a place of siege. Ten cases in one street—seven deaths in another—one friend whom you saw well forty-eight hours before, now dead—another, with whom you conversed, in apparent health at seven, P. M., is among the new cases reported next morning. Death, fear, and dismay were stamped on every countenance. From the fourth of July to the fourteenth of August, the thermometer ranged about the same degrees of heat that we have felt this season. About the middle of July a few cases of yellow fever were noticed in John, Cliff, and Gold-streets. The facts were kept from the publick as much as possible; but, in the meantime, Death was leading up his sure and solemn dance in the highways and byways; and, as it was the custom to toll the bells at funerals in those days, the knells for the departed kept sounding, from morning till night, in the ears of the living, which kept those timorous mortals who start and shrink at the sight of a dead man's skull, in mortal terrour. To remedy this evil, the corporation put a stop to the tolling of bells for the dead, which law is in force at this day. To return to the fourteenth of August, 1798: That morning, at five o'clock, it began to rain. I was at work making nails. So fast and so thick did the rain descend, that I was compelled to quit work by seven o'clock, as the rain poured down the chimney so as to put out the fire, although I stood blowing my blacksmith's bellows for some minutes, to see whether fire or water would conquer. About ten the raining ceased; the sun broke through the clouds with a vehement heat about twelve—the cellars were full, and the low grounds flooded. The city was like one vast steam-bath. It was now that Death seemed to look in at every window. All was confusion, terrour, and dismay. Doctors, chairs, dead, and sick, hearses—every machine with wheels removing the living and the dead lumber. Every slip, sloop, and wharf—every lane and outlet to the city crowded with the lame, the halt and the blind, from the man of eighty to the stripling of seven years old, fear giving them speed, and death at their heels. Many of them died in the villages and hamlets around; but it was noticed as a fact, that none of the country people at whose houses they died ever took the disease.

After the emigration ceased, a census was taken of the remaining few; I think they amounted to fifteen thousand three hundred. Of these, upward of three thousand died of the fever. The first of November brought a heavy fall of snow, under cover of which the refugees returned as fast as they had fled; but, notwithstanding the severe weather, many died of yellow fever after their return. T.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

A newly-invented fan.—The "Mount Vernon Watchman" relates an odd incident which happened, not long since, in Western Virginia. An old lady from the country purchased several articles in a drygoods shop, and, at last, seeing a neatly-painted and varnished bellows hanging by a post, inquired the name and use of the article. The clerk told her that it was a new-fashioned fan, and regaled her with several puffs of the bellows in her face, at which she expressed her satisfaction and purchased the new invention. The Mount Vernon print thus proceeds with the story:—"On the next day, our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school-house in a neighbouring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new-fashioned fan, and, having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it; some smiled and some looked astonished; but the ludicrous prevailed over everything else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach; but there sat conspicuously the old lady, with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up toward her face, and, with much self-complacency, puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do, or how to proceed, he knew not; for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length, summoning resolution and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since."

Chinese pomposity.—The following is the literal copy of an invitation, from a Chinese of consequence to a foreigner, inviting him to a marriage-feast. It is contained in a Canton paper:—"To the great head of literature, venerable first-born, at his table of study. On the eighth day of the present moon, your younger brother is to be married. On the ninth, having cleansed the cups, on the tenth he will pour out wine, on which day he will presume to draw to his lowly abode the carriage of his friend. With him he will enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and receive from him instruction for the well-regulation of the feast. To this he solicits the brilliant presence of his elder brother; and the elevation to which the influence of his glory will assist him to rise, who can conceive?"

Cigar race.—This variety of sporting may be new to some of our readers. The conditions are, that the rider starts with a lighted cigar in his mouth, continues to smoke it during the race, and comes in with it lighted; much, of course, depends on the goodness of the cigar, but still more the tact of the smoker. If he does not ride fast enough, he loses the race that way; if he rides too fast, the air may either blow it out, or cause it to burn so fiercely that it will be entirely consumed before he reaches the winning-post. The fastest cigar-race on record was ran in December last, at Kingston, Jamaica; mile heats. Time, the first heat, two minutes ten seconds; the second heat, two minutes twelve seconds. Climate and other circumstances considered, it must, in every sense of the expression, have been a smoking race.

Married ladies.—A married lady alluding, in conversation, to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her that they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of vapours and storms.

A fashionable education.—"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy our dear Georgianna an *English* grammar and spelling-book; she has gone through her French, Latin and Greek, musick, drawing and dancing, and *now* must commence her English studies."

Abelard.—A manuscript has been found in the Vatican library, which, among other things, contains the songs of Abelard, with their musical notation. The celebrated Abbe Raines (author of the life of Palestrina) is about to give a modern dress to them, which is to be edited by a German now in Rome.

Nothing lost.—The actor Beaubourg, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridates, in Racine's play, Monime said to him in character, "Ah! sire, you change countenance." A wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so; don't stop him."

A soliloquy.—The "Cincinnatian" says that a fellow, soliloquizing over the bones of a mule, exclaimed, "How wonderful are *we* made!" This is like the exhibiter of animals in Maine, who said his ourang-outang and *another* gentleman crossed the ferry with him.

The late mr. kean's learning.—Some one, anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for the benefit-tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R., who heard the story. "Into an insult!" was the reply.

Hot weather.—"It is reported, in some of the northern prints," says the New-Orleans Picayune, "that whole suits of clothes have been seen walking about in this city, the wearers having entirely melted out of them."

Forgetfulness.—A rogue asked charity, on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard and answered, "Five years, madam."

A walking churchyard.—A vender of medicines in London bears the ominous name of *Churchyard*. A country wag one day stepped in and inquired if the *sexton* was at home.

JUSTICE OF JUDGE LYNCH.

The following authenticated instance of the wisdom and justice of lynch-law has been recently made extensively publick through the newspapers:—"A few days ago, a sum of money was stolen near Kosciusko, Mississippi. A black girl, who professed to know all about the circumstances, charged a respectable white person with being the thief. Upon her testimony the citizens seized him, tied him to a tree, and 'lynched' him with extreme severity. During the operation, a man named Parker stood looking on, and exclaiming, 'Give it to him! He has the money! He is the thief, and will soon confess it!' The lynchers found, however, after nearly killing their victim, that he would not confess anything, and he was at length released, torn, bleeding, and unable to stand. A few hours afterward suspicion began to rest upon Parker himself, who, on being tied to the same tree, roared out '*I have the money.*' The whole sum was found in his possession and that of the wench, on whose false testimony the innocent man had been mutilated."

This occurrence reminds us of one very similar in its nature, which was narrated to us two or three years ago, by a forlorn-looking gentleman, whom we met on board a steamboat. We were sufficiently amused with his recital at the time to transcribe it, as nearly as possible, in his own language, and communicate it to a periodical of the day. On looking back at it, it seems to us very much like a foreshadowing of the recent tragedy at Kosciusko. E. S.

THE VICTIM'S STORY.

On my last escape from jail, where I was confined for unknowingly passing a counterfeit bill, which had been given me by an old gentleman, whom I had saved from drowning—I determined to try my fortune farther south. Seeing one day in the Richmond Enquirer an advertisement, offering one hundred dollars reward for a runaway slave, and being pressingly in want of money, I determined to go in search of the individual described. With this view, I rambled through the country, keeping a watch in out-of-the-way places, and looking very hard at all the negroes who passed. On the second day of my search, I reached a little village, which I will call Featherville. I had given up all hopes of attaining my object, and was sitting on a rock, with my chin resting on both hands, and my elbows on my knees, hungry and disconsolate, when a rough gripe was laid on each of my shoulders; and, on attempting to rise, I was roughly prevented. On looking around, I saw that Judge Lynch, with his whole posse comitatus had pounced upon me. With a skilful celerity, they tied my hands behind me, and then, amid shouts and execrations, drove me toward the village square.

"My good friends," exclaimed I, "you are mistaken in the person—whom do you take me for? Let me entr-tr-tre—"

My expostulations were abruptly broken off, by one of the foremost of my captors, whom I took to be his honour, gagging me with a handful of shavings. Finding it quite difficult to talk, after being supplied with this mouthful, I submissively held my peace. My amiable conductors dragged me toward an old poplar tree, and tied me to the trunk.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed his honour, with a horrid grin, rubbing his hands—"now, my lads, we'll show you a bird with feathers. It can't be said now, that the devil's to pay, and no pitch hot. Hand along the tar-kettle, Mike, my lad—and, Jemmy Dicken, toss along that bag of feathers."

With a horrible alacrity, these orders were obeyed. I tried to speak—to move—Oh, the dastards! I was bound fast. I could not. I loaded unutterable things. Dust was flung in my eyes. What could I do? I ground my teeth in agony, in wrath and in scorn. There is but one step from the farcical to the tragical. Like imps of pandemonium, the good people of Featherville flocked round me, and beheld unmoved such tortures inflicted as an uncivilized Arab would weep to witness. The tar and the feathers were bestowed with a liberal hand. There was no lack of generosity in *these* articles. I believe they are both the natural productions of the state.

As soon as there was a cessation in the tender mercies of *Messieurs*, the men, I unclogged my right eye from the tar that surrounded it, and looked forth. On the slope of the opposite hill, I noticed a horseman riding at full speed, and making vehement gestures toward the crowd. They were arrested in their valiant doings, by these pantomimical appeals. In a few moments, the rider arrived on the spot, and dismounting drew the judge aside, and communicated to him the intelligence with which he was charged. The result was, that his honour approached me, relieved my mouth of the shavings which he had thrust into it, and unlying my arms, told me, "that I might go; that he believed there was some mistake, but that it was better that fifty innocent ones should suffer than that one guilty should escape—and that he took me for an abolitionist." The jury shouted acquiescence in the decision of the judge.

I attempted to speak, but could not—not that my heart was too full of gratitude for utterance—but because my lips were glued with the tar.

At the tavern, at which I had casually stopped that morning, I had given my name as Andrew Jackson Smith. It seems, that a trunk with that name upon it, was received after my departure, and as it was tied with red tape, sealed with wax, the landlord remarked that "it was very mysterious."

"Very, indeed," echoed the editor of the Featherville Banner of Liberty, as he threw his tobacco quid away, and swallowed a mint julep.

"Upon my word, it's very odd," said the postmaster, trying the lock. "Landlord," continued he, "bring me a hammer and chisel, and I'll take the responsibility, as the old gin'ral says. Amos will bear me out in it."

The hammer and chisel were brought—the trunk was forcibly opened—and in the dressing-case, carefully concealed under some soap and razors, was found a torn page of a murderous print, published in New-York, called the Emancipator.

"Treason!" shouted the postmaster, holding the scrap up to view.

"Bloody treason!" echoed the landlord. "What is it?"

"Lynch him," said the editor, lighting a cigar.

"Call the judge—call the judge," said the postmaster.

"Ay, ay," rejoined the editor; who, by the way, was a pig-eyed gentleman, rather slim and snugly dressed, with light eye-brows and hair—a blackguard in print and a vulgarian out of print.

"Where is he?"

"Who is he?"

"Is he here?"

"Is he gone?"

"Where the deuse is he?"

These questions were poured in upon my host in rapid succession. He finally recollected that a wo-begone looking gentleman, in a suit of rusty black, had bought a loaf of bread of him that morning, and that his name corresponded with that on the trunk. You know the rest of my story. The whole village was soon at my heels, and I was regularly lynched. It was afterward ascertained that the trunk containing the incendiary article belonged to the son of an eminent slaveholder, whose name I had unwittingly borrowed.

The morning after this unpleasant affair, on taking up the Banner of Liberty, I read the following flattering version of the transaction.

"ANOTHER ARREST.

"A white man of the name of Andrew Jackson Smith, was yesterday arrested on a writ issued by Judge Lynch. It seems that the suspicions of our vigilant postmaster were aroused by the singular appearance of Smith's trunk; and, on breaking it open, his worst conjectures were more than realized. It was found full of inflammable papers, Emancipators and Liberators, evidently intended for distribution among the slaves. On this being known, the people of the town, headed by his honour Judge Lynch, turned out in pursuit of the monster Smith. He was soon caught, and being brought into the village, was furnished gratis with a new coat—of tar and feathers—black turned up with white. The craven roared lustily during the operation, and manifested the most cowardly impatience. He has had a lesson which he will not soon forget.

"P. S. We learn that it has been satisfactorily ascertained that Smith is innocent of the charges against him. We are glad of it. The man who would come here at this time to raise a rebellion, is unworthy the name and the respect of a man. He is, indeed, 'fit for murder, stratagem and spoils.' We congratulate Mr. Smith that the suspicions against him have proved to be unjust.'"

And this was all the satisfaction that I could obtain!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a number of meritorious communications on hand, which we are reluctantly compelled to defer, sine die, for want of room. The piece entitled "Bethlehem," with the exception of two or three defective verses, is not unworthy of Milman. The images are highly poetical and the language vigorous and melodious.—And then there are the verses by "A. E.," graceful, touching and exquisite; it would be like tearing a rose, to undertake to criticise them.—Here is a piece entitled "Don Juan and Leo;" two verses meet our eye and compel us to place it, without further examination, among our "communications declined." Will the author pardon us for quoting the lines referred to?

"On they marched and met their foe,
Led bravely on by brave Leo."

The fragment entitled "Lexington," is neither blank verse nor prose; it must go to the tomb of the Capulets.—We conclude, in the present impression, the story of "The Man that was Too Civil," by our esteemed correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Esq. *We think the reader will agree with us, that it is one of the very best sketches that ever graced the columns of a periodical. Those who have not yet perused it could not employ a few hours more pleasantly than by doing so. In our judgment, it is worth a thousand of the trashy novels daily issuing from the English and American press.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1838.

Destruction of the New-York Bastile.—"What is all this?" we exclaimed the other morning, as, walking up Broadway, a cloud of dust and mortar swept across our path. An old gentleman at our side heard the interrogatory, and replied, "Look there—never mind your eyes—isn't that a delightful spectacle?"—"Ha! so they are tearing down old Bridewell. How the mortar flies! Well, it has been a disgrace to the city long enough."—"You may well say that. Is it not strange that we should so long have suffered our principal thoroughfare to be frowned upon, under the sunshine and blue sky, by such an ugly, detestable, villanous, black old pile?"—"What! you were never confined there?" we asked, surprised at the fervour manifested by our companion. "No, sir," replied the veteran with dignity; "but the wretched old structure has been an eyesore to me from my boyhood. The shout of youthful gaiety would be checked, half-uttered, upon my lips, as I caught a glimpse of its grated windows. To my imagination, it was a sort of living charnel-house—and it struck my heart with a chill colder than any I ever experienced on entering the receptacle of the dead; for upon manmate mortality I could look without a shudder—but a living fellow-creature, buried in the midst of life—by a refinement of cruelty incarcerated within view of the bustle and business of a great city—soiled by the very dust of the arena, and chafing with its excitement, but withheld from entering it—such an object seemed to me to be compelled to undergo a torment worse than that of Tantalus. But, look!—there goes the eastern wall! Crash! Huzza!" A cloud of dust from the falling *debris* drove us across the street—but, turning, we saw our old Knickerbocker friend clapping his hands and dancing about among the mortar until his black cocked hat was white as the hairs it covered.

That milkman's yell!—Among the manifold cries uttered by itinerant venders in the streets of New-York, there is none which jars upon the ear with a harsher and more disagreeable dissonance than the short, sharp yell of the man who stops his milk-cart before your door. A friend, who once had the honour of being partly scalped by *tommy-hawk*, "the son of Black Hawk," assures us that he would rather hear fifty savage war-whoops than one milkman's cry. We believe that the nuisance is peculiar to this city; and it is one to which strangers can with difficulty become reconciled. The following effusion comes to us anonymously, but there is a pathos about it which bespeaks its genuineness, if not its originality. The very chirography is characteristick—thin, irregular, and almost illegible—as if the writer's fingers twiched with nervousness, and his eyes were blinded with tears. We cannot doubt that these lines are what they profess to be—

MORNING REFLECTIONS OF A NEW-YORK INVALID.

That milkman's yell!—that milkman's yell!
I'm sure will be my funeral knell!
I'm very ill and can't get well,
Because of that eternal yell!

Those tranquil hours—from six to eight—
Seem gone from out the book of fate.
Within the tomb I soon shall dwell—
All owing to that milkman's yell!

And will he cease when I am gone?
Or still keep yelling, yelling on?
While others hear the warning fell,
And curse its sound—that milkman's yell!

Foreign theatricals.—Macready is said to have lost largely by his lease of Covent-Garden Theatre. He has, notwithstanding, resumed it. The Literary Gazette says—"Mr. Macready, we understand, has paid the proprietors nearly six thousand pounds—has expended a very large sum on *properties*, and has kept his excellent company together, at full salaries, duly paid, to the end. He has made the sacrifice of a large income for the sake of his profession; and if ever man deserved to be supported, he does, instead of having been, in too many quarters, treated as if he were an enemy to the stage, and not an enemy to its degradation and prostitution."

Park Theatre.—The regular season at this theatre will commence on Monday next with the first appearance of Mr. Power, who, during his late visit to England, has added considerably to his list of successful characters. Of course we may anticipate crowded houses for such an established favourite. He will be followed by Vestris and Charles Matthews, for a sight of whom publick anticipation is on the tiptoe. With Power, Vestris, Matthews, Ellen Tree, Caradori, and Forrest, not to speak of Augusta and Lecompte, the season at the Park promises to be one of unusual brilliancy.

American poetry.—A great change has taken place in the publick mind relative to our native poetick literature, and this within a very short time. It is difficult to account for this satisfactorily—but that it is so, cannot be disputed. The *quasi* proximity of the mother country, effected by steam navigation, has undoubtedly had its effect in assimilating the taste of the two countries, and it is well known that the demand for American poetry has been increasing in Great Britain for a number of years. So frequent has been the call for American works of this description, that one of our most conspicuous publishers has formed the design of bringing out a series of the writings of native poets, a design which we hope will be amply encouraged. It is time that our poets were offered sufficient inducements to exert themselve to some higher purpose than they have as yet been warranted in attempting. Heretofore their writings have been worse than a drug in the market; a disadvantage resulting from the great popularity of a few English authors, whose works entirely absorbed the American reader. This cause of discouragement to our own poets is rapidly passing by. New excitement is sought for, and a recurrence to "the well of English" already provided does not satisfy the intellectual thirst of the publick. Besides this, great changes have really taken place in the moral world. The affections crave for a portion of that spiritual aliment which has been too lavishly awarded to the understanding, and a good deal will depend on the healthy character of that food which our poets are called on to supply. The time is fast approaching when poetry will be no longer a creation, but a transcript of new revelations, more beautiful, sublime and elevating than any effort of mere imagination or fancy; it will be the discovery of those hidden harmonies which speak eloquently to the good and the pure, and which whisper in the inmost depths of the soul.

Campbell's Life of Shakspeare.—We are glad to learn that a new edition of Shakspeare's dramatick works has been published, enriched with a life of the immortal bard, by Thomas Campbell. We have long esteemed Campbell as the best Shakspearian critick of the day, and the extracts from his new work confirm us in the belief. The following remarks called forth by some comments upon the scholarship of Shakspeare are strikingly just:—"I have elsewhere expressed my belief as to the influence of deep scholarship on poetick genius. If learning could come intuitively, I have no doubt that it would enrich genius; but the toil and absorption of mind bestowed in acquiring it—the unoriginal habits of thinking—nay, the prejudices liable to accompany its acquisition—the cramping of the soul from its natural impulses and meditations—these, I apprehend, are the drawbacks on whatever advantages to inspiration may accrue from laboriously acquired erudition. It was predicted of a young man lately belonging to one of our universities, that he would certainly become a prodigy because he read sixteen hours a day. 'Ah,' but said somebody, 'how many hours a day does he feel?' Still we have evidence that Shakspeare revelled in the fictions of antiquity, and understood its characters and moral truths. There is not a doubt that he lighted up his glorious fancy at the lamp of classical mythology:

'Hyperion's curls—the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.'

Who can read these lines without perceiving that Shakspeare had imbibed a deeper feeling of the beauty of pagan mythology than a thousand pedants could have imbibed in their whole lives."

New books.—Among the interesting new works upon our table, we find, "Fragments from the Study of a Pastor, by Gardiner Spring; published in this city by John S. Taylor;" a second edition of Mr. Spooner's "Treatise on the Teeth;" "The Triumph of Liberty, a poem, by John N. M'Jilton;" a fine and compendious edition in one volume, from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, of the admirable "Novels of Jane Austin," so highly paised by Sir Walter Scott; and last, not least, "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland, by the author of 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land'"—published by the Messrs. Harper. We have already presented our readers with some specimens of this new work by Mr. Stevens, and shall take an early opportunity of calling their attention once more to its merits.

Ignorance respecting the United States abroad.—A new work has made its appearance in London, entitled "The American in Paris." We are not sure that it is not some old friend with an *alias*. The following gives us a curious idea of the notions entertained of Americans abroad:—"A very complaisant man of the university told me over, the other day, the Rape of the Sabines, with all its circumstances; and a French lady, of good literary pretensions and wealth, has persuaded me more than once to amuse her company by 'talking American'—'*Quel accent extraordinaire! cela ne ressemble à rien en Europe.*' 'Ah! you are from Boston,' said another; 'I am glad; perhaps you know my brother—he lives in Peru.'"

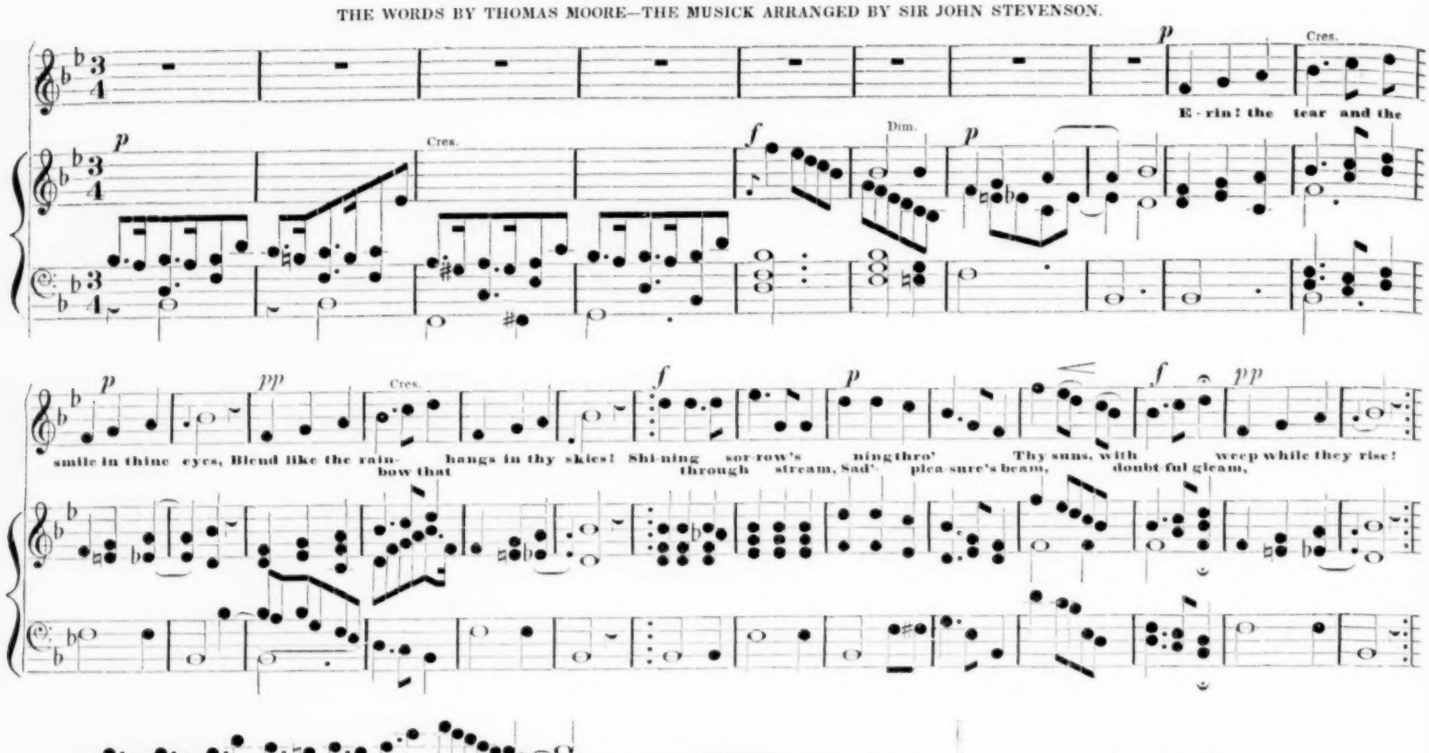
New parody.—In the new volume of poems by Lady E. Stuart Wortley, we find a parody upon the song of "The fine old English Gentleman," beginning with this verse:

"We will sing you a very perfect song, made by a perfect pate,
Of a fine young English lady fair, whose face is her estate—
Whose features are her fortune all—Oh! how lucky 'twas that fate
Made this face to be well-favoured, so that none could underrate
This fine young English lady fair—one of the present time.

A rumour contradicted.—The report which has been very extensively and confidently circulated, that a donation of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been made to the city by John Jacob Astor for the establishment of a publick library, is wholly unfounded in fact. We state, *on the best authority*, that neither has Mr. Astor made, nor have the city authorities received, any such donation.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE—THE MUSICK ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.



SECOND VERSE.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are the crews of the exploring expedition temperance men?—Because they are not likely to get *half-seas over*.

Why is a panick in the money-market like a carpenter's shop?—Because it *augers* there will be a *deal* of *chisselling* among the *gougers* and *screw-drivers*.

Why are the captains of Mississippi steamboats like dentists?—Because they are continually encountering *snags*.

Why is Graham bread like a popular song?—Because it is "*Coming through the rye*."

Why was Keokuck like the head of the fire department?—Because he was the *chief Indian here*—(*chief engineer*.)

Why do tight boots lead to intemperance?—Because a man is likely to get *corned* after it.

Why will Centre-street give all the inhabitants a pain in the stomach?—Because people have always had the *cholick* (Collect) there.

Why is the president of the United States like the hind foot of a horse?—Because *he follows in the footsteps of his predecessor*.

Why is the face of a dandy like a mattress?—Because it is *stuffed with the best curled hair*.

Why is the tragedy of the Gladiator like the warbling of a robin in a wood?—Because you hear the notes of a *Bird* echoed through a *Forrest*.

Why are the laws prohibiting the sale of liquor like epitaphs?—Because they record the *memory* of *departed spirits*.

Selected Miscellany.

Nomenclature of the months.—A late wit, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floreal, Nivose, etc.) were adopted in France, proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model:—Freezy, Sneezy, Breezy, Wheezy, Showery, Lowery, Bowery, Flowery, Snowey, Flowey, Glowey.

Retort.—A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantick counsellor, what profession he was of; and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said Brief, "why, I can put you in my pocket!"—"Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do, you will have more law in your *pocket* than you ever had in your *head*."

A scalded nose.—A gentleman got his nose severely burnt, yesterday, during the thunder-shower. He had just commenced eating dinner, when a vivid flash of lightning made him dodge his head directly down into his soup-bowl: result, nose badly, face and eyes somewhat scalded.

Borrowing a newspaper.—"Mister Magnanimity, father wants the loan of your paper for a few minutes, if you please."—"Run back, my son, and tell your father that I will lend him my breakfast, with pleasure; but I haven't got through with my paper yet."

London pop-men.—A manufacturer of ginger-pop has found out a hard Greek word for it. So in the lowest slews you now hear them cry for "Zeoktar." We commend the name to our humbugs here.

Advice to readers.—The advice to "read everything," may make a ready, but is sure to make a weak mind. Some run into the opposite errour, and attach themselves exclusively to one author. Books are like men; if we stop to converse with all we meet, we lose the best part of our time; if we admit the companionship of but one, we shall become, like Johnson's Boswell, the mere literary parrot. Literature can only serve an immediate purpose, when, by improving the publick taste, it elevates the actual tone of society.

Sarcastick reply.—"I have serious thoughts of trying my hand at a farce; how do you think I should succeed?" asked Talfourd of "the great tragedian." "Why, judging by the two tragedies which you have written," rejoined Macready, "there cannot be a doubt of your success in comedy." The irony contained in this reply is said to have laid the foundation of the misunderstanding which has taken place between those two "great" men.

"No go!"—A New-Orleans paper relates, with becoming gravity, that, as a train of cars was passing through a neighbouring village, a black boy was riding on horseback near the track. When the engine came up, the horse stumbled and threw the boy on the middle of the track; and the whole train passed over him, without injuring him in the least. He jumped up, scratched his head and exclaimed, "You can't kill dis nigger, no how, Master Ingine."

Flattery.—There is a proverb, that "comparisons are odious." But this is only the case when rivals are compared, and when hatred and jealousy may be induced. What is more pleasing than a pretty simile? What more agreeable to the party concerned, than to tell an ugly woman that she resembles a beauty?

A warlike editor.—A contemporary justifies a *resort to the bayonet*. If he be determined to give his foes a *quilting*, he should resort to the pen.

Pleasure.—As for pleasure, there is little in this world that is true and sure, beside the duty of doing good: I am sure there is none that is comparable to it.

SELECT SAYINGS AND MAXIMS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue; to the end, we should hear and see more than we speak.

Keep thy tongue, and keep thy friend; for few words cover much wisdom, and a fool being silent is thought wise.

The wicked man lives to eat and drink, but the good man eats and drinks to live.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit dryeth the bones.

They that slander the dead are like envious dogs, that bark and bite at bones.

We ought either to be silent or speak things that are better than silence.

Deride not the unfortunate.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

He that knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent.

A mother's care.—A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child; "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs; and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better."—"You really think it would be good for the dear thing, don't you?"—"Upon my word, it is the best thing I know of."—"What spring would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap."

An arch guess.—A gentleman having read the following paragraph in a newspaper—"No fewer than three of her majesty's maids of honour are, it is said, about to enter the holy state of matrimony"—a lady instantly remarked, "Oh, yes; to the grooms in waiting, I suppose."

A hint to bores.—Loungers should never torment industrious people with their loafing visits. They should seek each other's society. There's no harm in a *bore's boring a bore*.

A toper's idea of temperance.—"Temperance is a great virtue, therefore be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand.

Distress among missionaries.—The American missionaries at Ceylon have been obliged to dismiss six thousand children from their schools, from want of funds!

A western dandy.—The St. Louis Argus describes a dandy of that place as being "arrayed in cream-coloured breeches, a sorrel hat and *sheep-skin* boots."

The advance of time.—"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!"—"Dare say, Bob; for the fact is, I never was so old in all my life."

Great attraction.—Rattlesnakes are "as thick as blackberries" on Mount Tom, and its principal attraction at present.

Slander.—Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

AN ENGLISH DANDY.

How com'st thou by those gauds—
Lace, ribands, tinsel, trinkets, slashes—not
To name that most egregious vanity
Thou mountest in thy cap, and the poor bird
It was purloined from wore for use, not show!
Rebuke and lesson to its wiser lord!
There's not a portion of thee but bespeaks
Ransacking of the earth and sea—and all
To recommend thee unto eyes, whose owners,
Be they the homiest, behold thy betters
In their own mirrors.

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